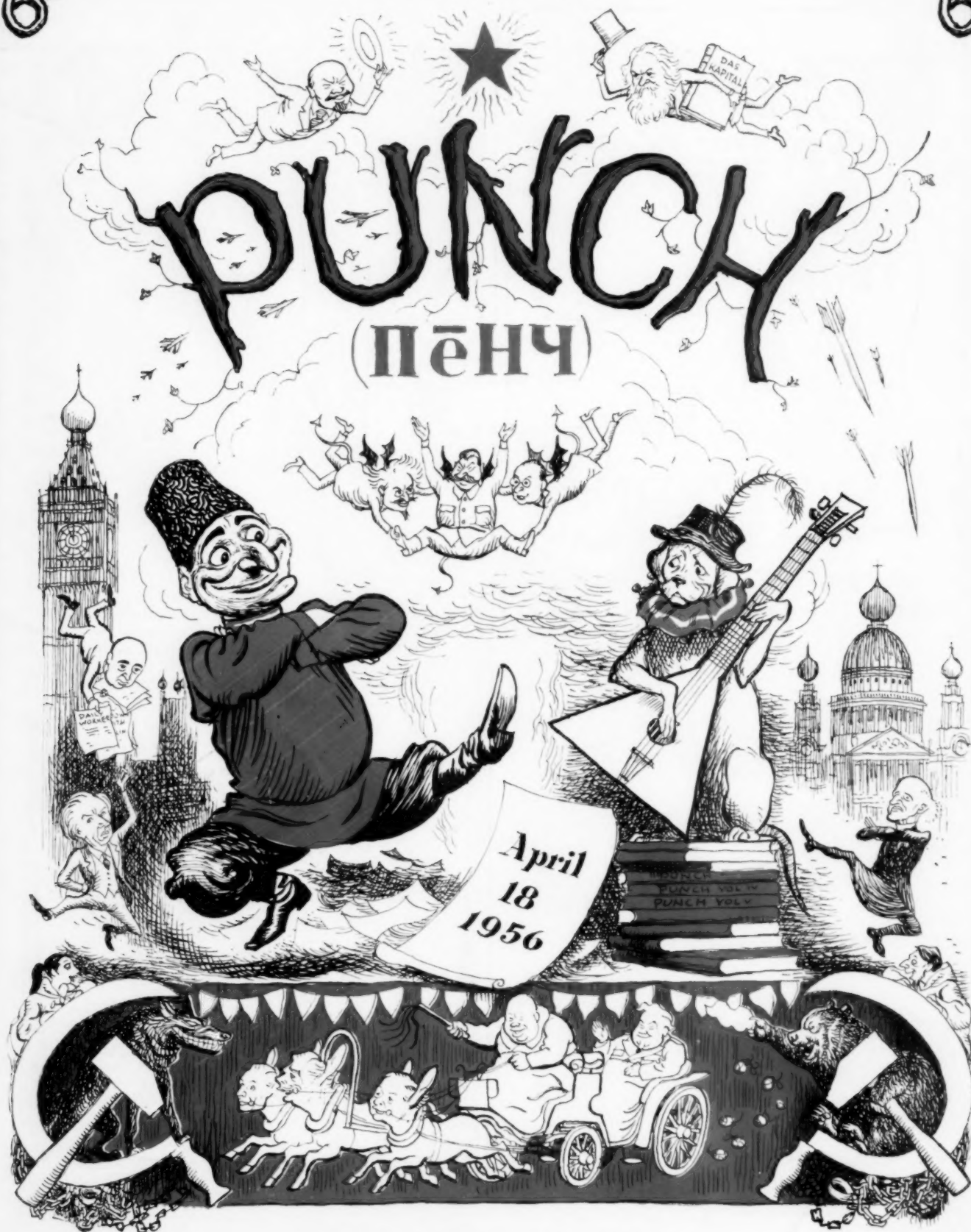


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PUNCH or The London Charivari—April 18 1956

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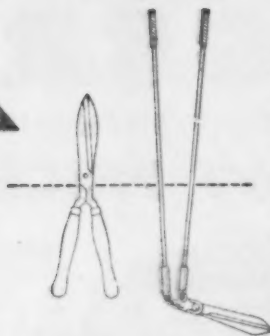
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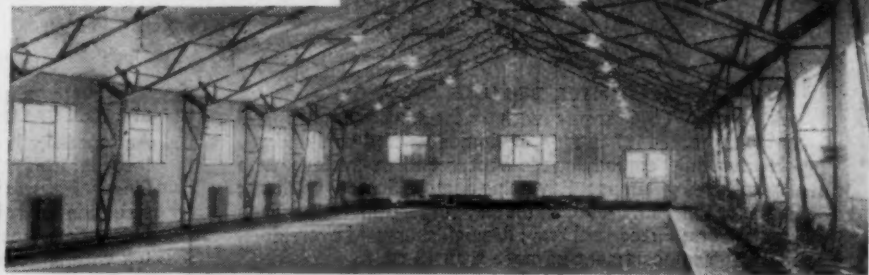
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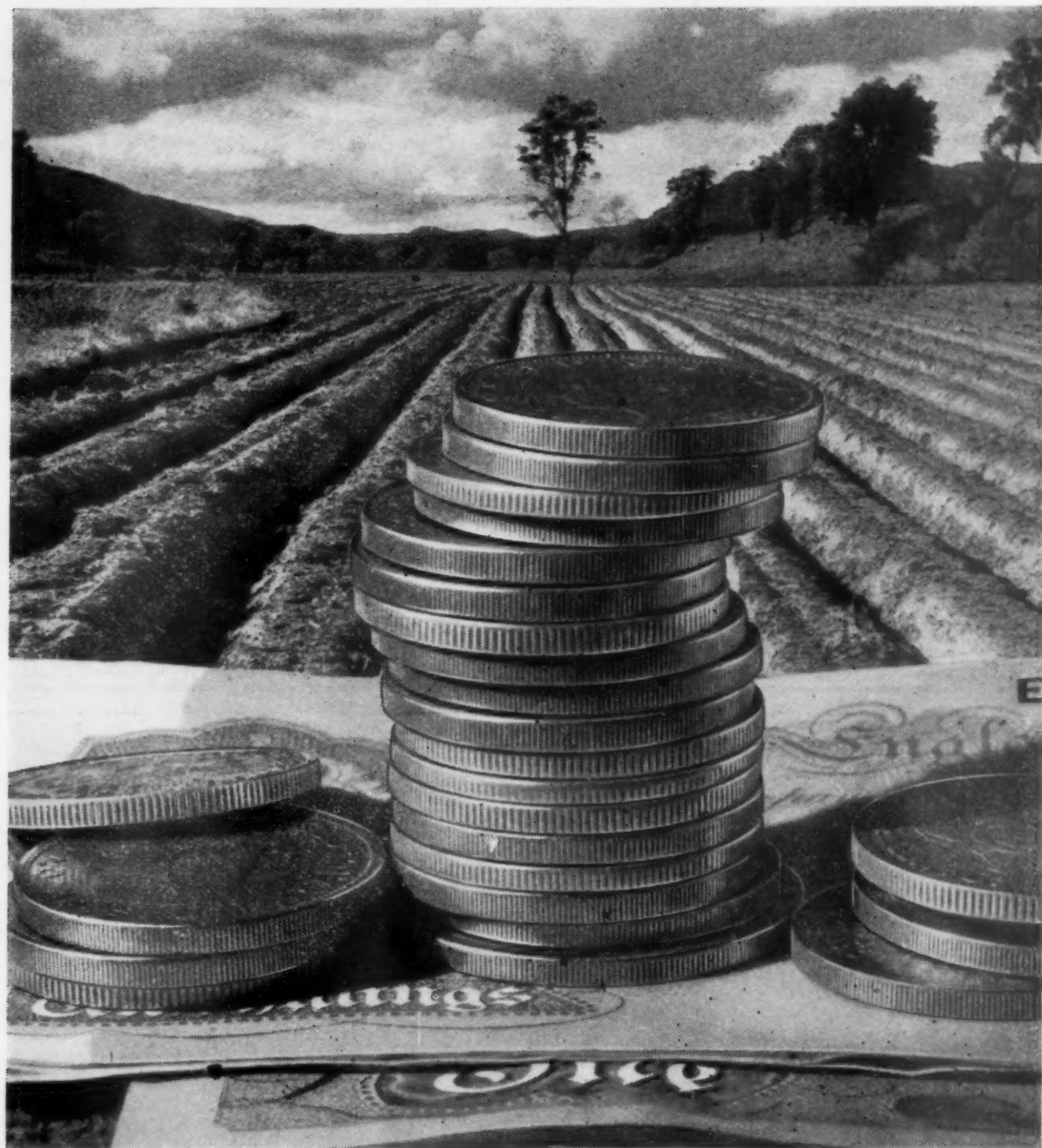


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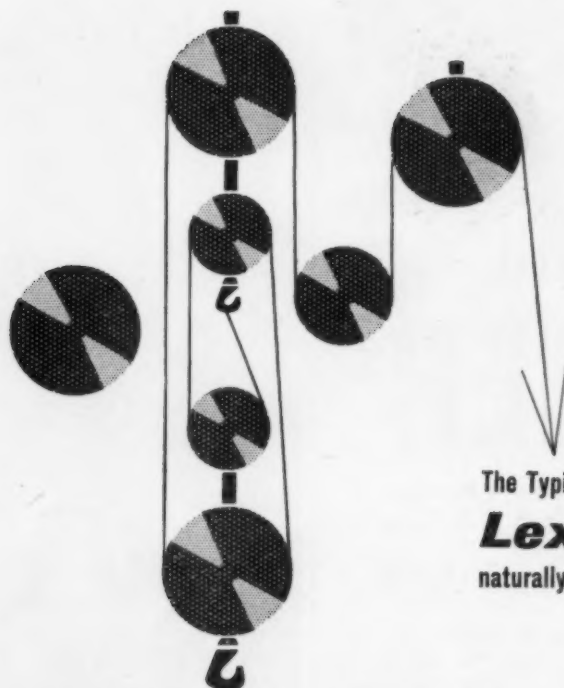
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I hurtle on my way,  
My horn entrances man and beast  
With its melodious bray.

In vain the peeler's outraged cry,  
In vain the Bench's frown;  
I only stop when I've boiled dry  
Or when I've broken down.

I don't mind these, though I admit  
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There's Guinness in my break-down kit,  
So Life is not so dusty.

*Guinness is good for you*

"Why can't they travel by train,  
like Nature intended?"



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... a \*serum of Commuters

... a \*barge of Admirals



... there's a fitting of

## Church's famous English shoes

Leathers, lasts and styles to fit the occasion, the mood and the man



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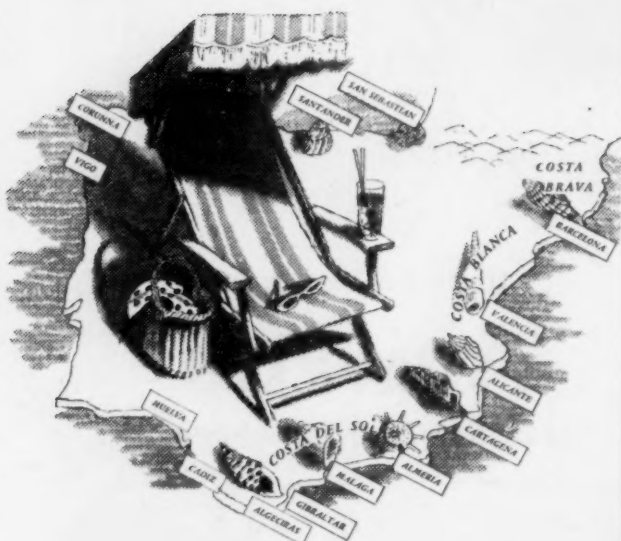
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On the right is 'Lo-ped Leader' with the slipper flexibility of a weekend 'casual' plus the robust construction of a shoe, welted and leather-soled.

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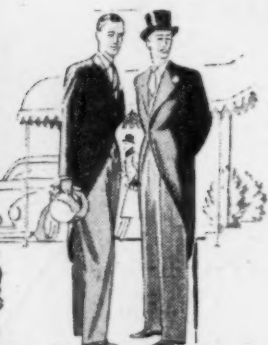
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### For receding, thinning or falling hair



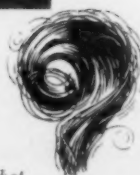
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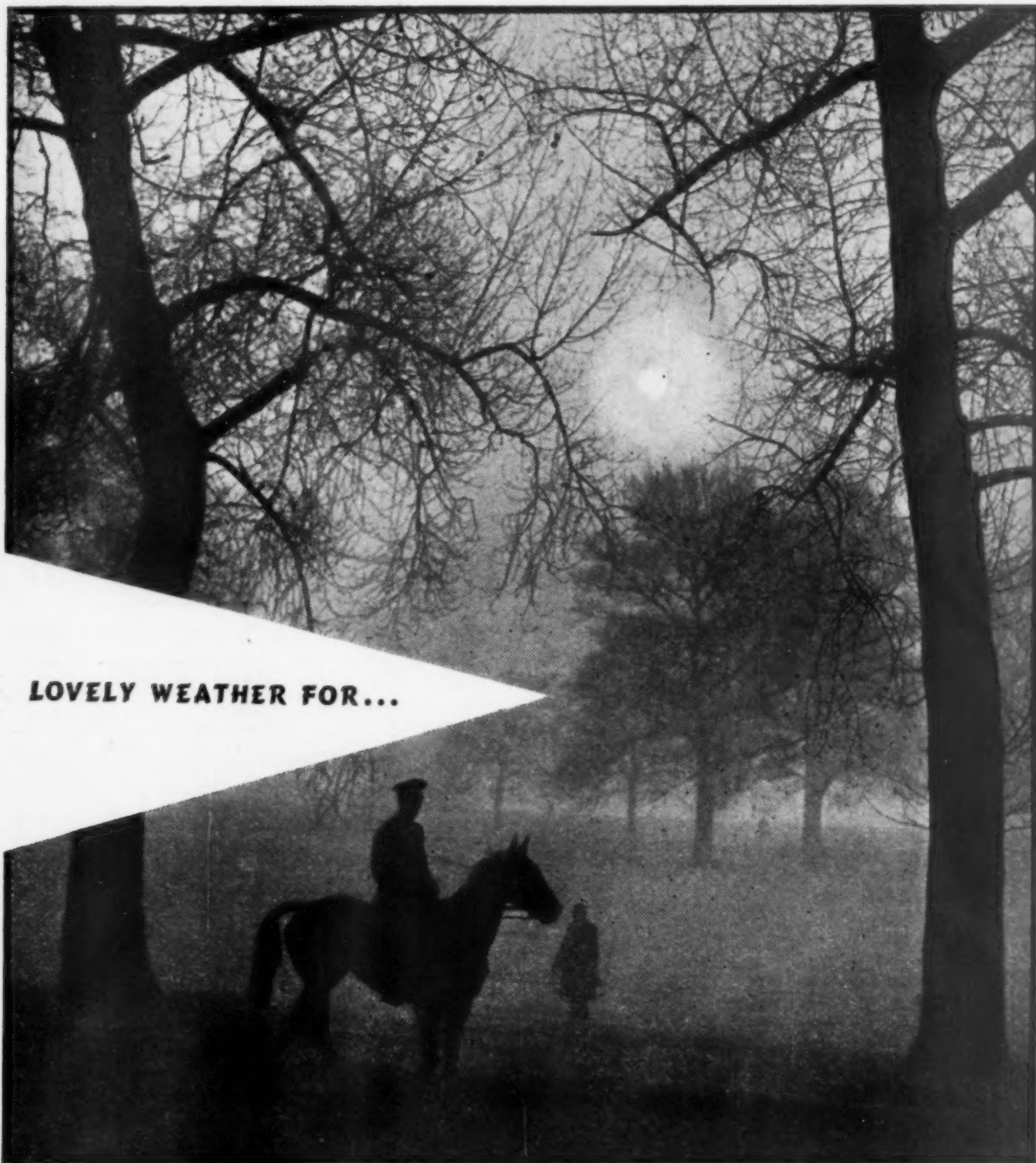
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*It's moth-resistant, too, and completely non-irritant.*

*Blended with other fibres, it gives clothes*

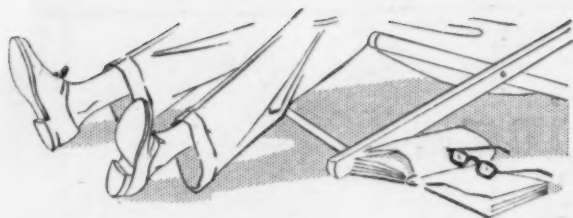
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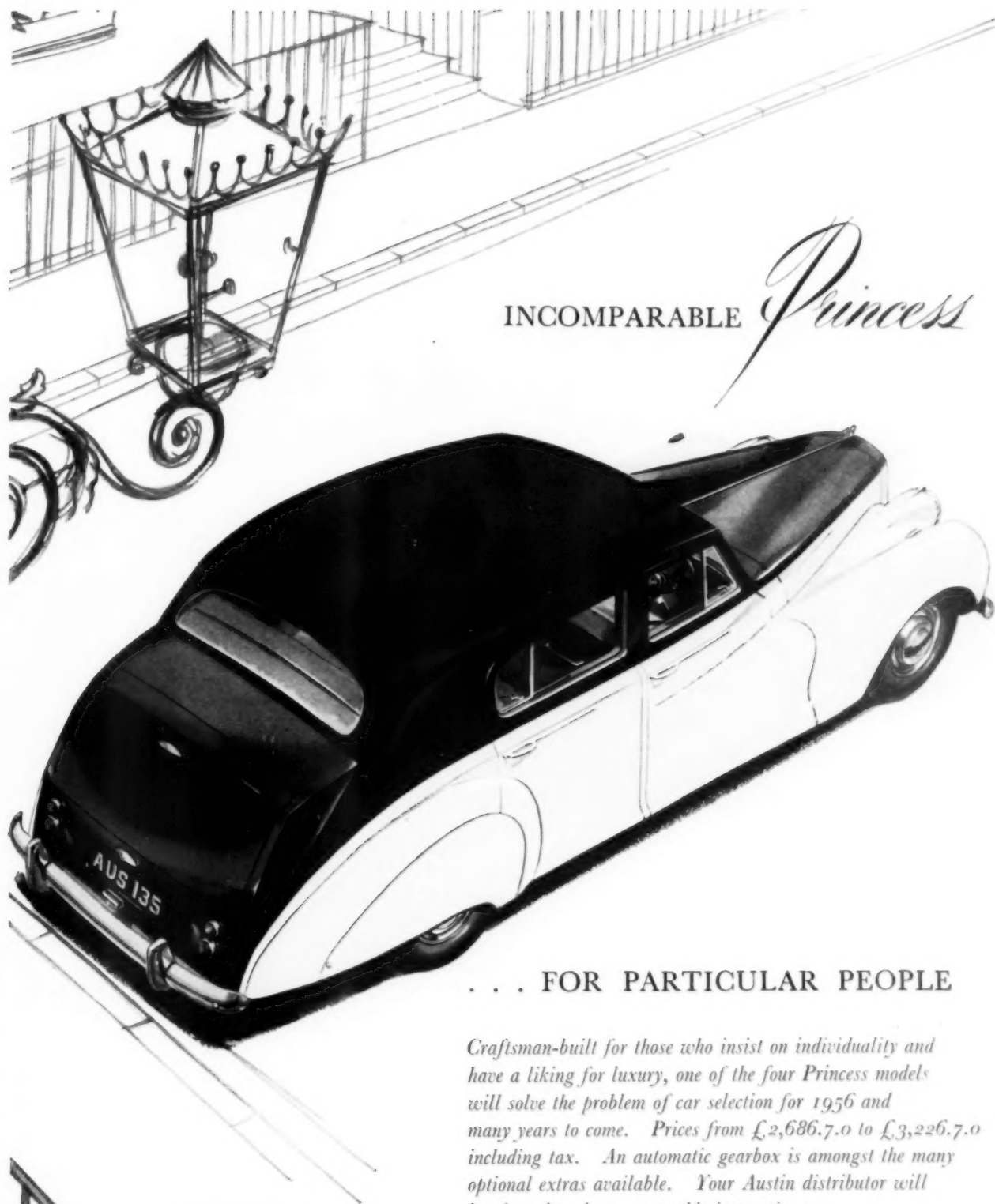


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*Vanden Plas*

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## The case of *Earias insulana* . . .



In Iraq, in recent years, cotton has become a crop of great importance—important not only for its value in world markets, but also because of its diversifying effect on the age-old rotations of irrigated land.

By 1952, however, it was clear that the whole future success of this programme was seriously threatened by the caterpillar of a small moth *Earias insulana*, commonly called the spiny bollworm. This pest destroys flowers and young bolls, and the damage is increased by the entry of fungi and bacteria into the boreholes. Complete crop destruction is not uncommon.

The answer to this urgent pest problem has now

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## LABU CHEVIOT RUBBER LIMITED

### THE PLACE OF RESEARCH IN RUBBER PRODUCTION

#### SIR JOHN HAY'S STATEMENT

The Third Annual General Meeting of Labu Cheviot Rubber Limited will be held on May 9 at 19 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman. After reviewing the domestic affairs of the Company Sir John Hay continued:

Our replantings are an outstanding example of the economic application of the findings of research which have enabled us to substitute for old seedling rubber planting stock which is capable of giving a yield several times greater than unselected material. It is significant that this important advance is due as much to the researches of private enterprise, working within the limitations of its own resources, as it is to the activities of research institutions supported by the collective contributions of the industry. But whilst acknowledging and welcoming the supplementary activities of independent concerns, it is to the central institutions which they support that the industry is entitled to look for scientific progress.

Nearly fifty years have passed since the rubber industry made its first essay in organized research. This was followed in 1925 by the establishment of the central Research Institute of Malaya. A great impetus was given to rubber research by a provision in the Inter-Governmental Agreement for Rubber Regulation of 1934, which committed the Governments concerned to levying and collecting a cess on rubber exports. Although this agreement was long ago terminated, the cess still operates in Malaya and in 1955 a sum of approximately £800,000 was collected. On the basis of the acreage involved, this substantial sum represents nearly double the rate levied in this country for State expenditure on agricultural research. Other rubber producing territories within the Commonwealth make only token payments and 96 per cent of the funds available come from Malaya, although it is fair to say that Ceylon maintains within its territory its own research institute.

The condition that gave rise to the 1934 agreement was an excess of supplies of natural rubber and the consequent impoverishment of producing territories. It was natural that in the circumstances then existing emphasis should be placed on forms of research directed to help "towards a natural balancing of production and consumption," and the programme was set accordingly. Since that time, however, the rubber situation has radically changed. Natural rubber is no longer in excess supply in the sense of the 1934 agreement. In quantity it falls far below the requirements of rubber manufacturers, who must perforce resort to synthetics

and other substitutes with which natural rubber must now compete in price and suitability. Despite this dramatic change in the rubber outlook, research and the varied activities which are carried on under that heading have continued to follow with a misguided emphasis the 1934 pattern. Ill-advised and vain attempts have been made by lavish expenditure on propaganda to check the flow of synthetic supplies. The rubber manufacturers, by their own enterprise and expertness, have vastly increased and extended the uses of rubber products. The strong and intensive competition which is such an outstanding feature of that side of the industry is a safe guarantee that development and extension will not cease. The producing industry's less expert excursions into this field of development, already so well served, have by contrast proved costly and barren of results. Such activities have for long involved a serious diversion of funds from what should be our primary purpose, namely the pursuance of an extensive and sustained programme of research into the production of natural rubber. Directed with energy and imagination such researches should prove an invaluable aid to our industry in its competition with synthetics.

In the course of writing this I recall a leader on the subject of research which appeared in *The Times* of August, 1954. This, of course, was not written in reference to rubber, but it seems now so apposite to our own industry that I proceed to quote:

"There has been a good deal of research into efficiency. What is now needed is a large-scale inquiry into efficiency of research . . . The greatest gains in research can come from its scope being indefinite. At the same time for every inch won there may be acres of waste. Research can become a vested interest in itself, can be undertaken for prestige rather than for product, can be duplicated within the same industry, can be so 'pure' as to be purposeless, can give a yield hopelessly incommensurate with its effort. To say such things has been unfashionable for a long time past. It can be construed as hostility to research. It is not. It is a plea for the strengthening of research. But management must be uninhibited in clearing lumber out of the back room as out of the shop window."

An inquiry into the conduct of this industry's research is soon to take place. I hope that the inquiry will extend to the matters referred to here and that in consequence there will be a healthy clearing of lumber from the back room and a strengthening of research.

★  
Turn the facts into

# Facts in Action

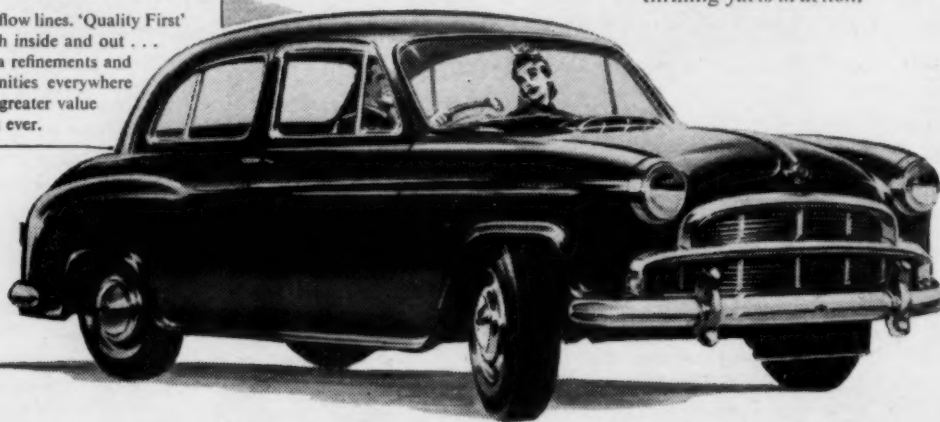
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IT seems a shame, in a dull world, that the Monte Carlo wedding and the Russian honeymoon should both come off on the same day. Besides, it lends an awkward ambiguity to remarks about "the happy couple."

#### Good, Who For?

COLONEL-GENERAL SEROV is reported to have smiled when he said "I think



the security arrangements in this country are very good." On the other hand, he may have been laughing.

#### Next, a Jungle Book Reading

MR. MALENKOV's recitation from Burns was so successful that Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev will be obliged to arm themselves with a few similarly ingratiating quotations, and there can be no doubt that Russian authorities on Eng. Lit. have been locked in the Kremlin library and told to come up with something good. Kipling is strongly recommended, if only for a sure-fire laugh at the old bloomer about "Never the twain shall meet."

#### Stalin Glacier?

MEMBERS of the Russian Antarctic Expedition, says Moscow Radio, have settled down at the Mirny base and are preparing for an assault on the South Pole. Every effort is being made to get in touch with them before they make some ghastly blunder in naming any new territories.

#### With Sliding Panel

By his appearance on Russian television screens the British Ambassador

launched a spate of British programmes over the Soviet air, and Moscow radio is reported to be treating licence-holders to all kinds of Anglophile material. It is to be hoped that telefilms of some of our favourite programmes will be released by the B.B.C.—particularly that highly suitable political feature, "What's My Line?"

#### Spectrum

PLANS are announced for large-scale demonstrations during to-day's state drive through the streets of London. The demonstrators, refugees from Communist-controlled countries, have given assurances that there will be no violence, and it is assumed that they will be content merely to shout slogans—which could cover all shades of critical feeling from "Down with the Comintern" to "Hoo-ray for Uncle Joe."

#### Dignity of Labour

ALL honour to the Midland Federation of Trades Councils for instructing its executive committee to arrange a "meeting between Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev and the ordinary



working man." The visitors, eager to prove themselves as democratic as any other entertainment personality, are sure to agree; the difficulty will be to find a working man to-day who will admit to being ordinary.

#### Watch it, Press Council

It is to be hoped that during the next week or two the British Press will remember its manners. The Soviet

leaders are, after all, our guests, and it would be deplorable to descend to personalities. Mr. Malenkov's rotund geniality, it may be remembered, was poorly rewarded when one paper said that he had "obviously been sent over as a sort of trial balloon."

#### Before Their Time

RUSSIAN news is full of titbits for the gerontologist. Latest reports, for instance, tell of three collective farmers aged 106, 104 and 103, and add that in Kirsk Province there are "quite a few people" over a hundred. By Western



centenarian standards this seems barely credible, and it is thought that it may have something to do with Russians being as old as they feel.

#### Quis Custodiet?

THIS evening's news photographs will be well studded with heavy men in felt hats, who are deserving of general sympathy. Some are General Serov's men, some Commander Burt's, but whether Special Branch or M.V.D. they will all have a certain nervousness about admitting each other to strategic areas, lest they should in fact be merely impostors seeking a vantage point for a demonstration—which some third party may well make while the Anglo-Russian bodyguards are still haggling over each other's credentials. Moreover, there is bound to be trouble over who is guarding whom. If a pistol is levelled at Sir Anthony, should the M.V.D. intervene? Is it up to the Special Branch to bring off a sensational catch when they see an anonymous grenade

curving down on Khrushchev? It is difficult and dangerous. Wives of Special Branch men assigned to the job might consider persuading them to save their skins at all costs, and court an early removal from the arena by ostentatiously chalking "Go Home Bulganin" on the back of the official car.

### Panic Over

UNSTINTED admiration greeted the Russian TU 104. "Super-Jet is World Beater," announced the *News Chronicle*; the *Mirror* described how it "caused British air experts to gasp with surprise," and the *Mail* broke the news that Russian designers were "way, way ahead." "Serov's Air Secret Shakes the Experts," said the *Sketch*, and the *Express* summed it up neatly, as usual, with "Soviet Jet Beats All." The whole thing was a nasty shock for the Russian-rifles-have-no-triggers school of thought—until *The Times* luckily came out with Mr. Peter Mascfield, an expert on the production side, calling it crude, a jumble of ideas and a totally uneconomic aeroplane.

### Cuckoo Time

O BLITHE newcomers! We have heard,  
And raise a welcoming voice  
(The Government has said the word,  
We haven't got much choice).

Thrice welcome, darlings of the Spring!  
Pray fly into our nest!  
(It's odd to wish you westering  
Instead of going West.)



## Hot Dogs and Englishmen

**B**Y gracious Heaven be your ways preserved.  
Luncheon, my lords and gentlemen, is served.  
All hail, ye last anointed sons of Marx,  
Alighting from your air-conditioned arks.  
Now take it easy, shun the panic rush  
Lest those who came to Bulge should stay to Khrush.  
Instead bid strife and sullen discord cease,

Since war is less desirable than peace,  
And since (unless you choose to count in Wogs,  
And Jews and a few unconditioned Frogs)  
No one who's anybody's being killed—  
The roar of battle is in general still'd—  
All hail, Great Kings, include us in the list  
Of those you will permit to co-exist.

The senior Monarch, rising from his chair,  
Addressed the company assembled there.  
"Since first," he said, "by treacherous British hand  
The Nazi hordes were hurled upon our land,  
War-mongering curs have never ceased to plot  
To take from us whatever we have got.  
I hate the lot. It fairly makes me sick  
To hear the liberals prate of Mazaryk."  
"De minimis," he said, "*non curat lex*.  
Whoever's dead, at least we freed the Czechs.  
Bulgar, Rumanian, Magyar and Pole  
We led to the same democratic goal.  
And would have freely carried liberation  
To every Western European nation,  
But British soldiers, traitors to their class,  
So churlishly refused to let us pass.  
Your system, based on economic fiction,  
Must soon collapse from inner contradiction.  
Meanwhile, since co-existence comes in handy,  
I'll drink your health if you will pass the brandy."

The other Monarch, answering to the toasts,  
Explained how utterly he loathed his hosts.  
The nations groaned (half hiccough here, half choke)  
Beneath colonialism's blood-stained yoke.  
The British cannibals, a cross between a  
Base, cowardly jackal and a daft hyena,  
Had wholly lived by shameless exploitation  
Of every subject Oriental nation.  
"There is no saying whether, curse for curse,  
The Tories or the Socialists are worse.  
And, if it were not my unvarying plan,  
To say the most disruptive thing I can,  
I'd even go so far as to cry Thankee,  
Why, damn it all, I'd sooner have a Yankee.  
But now you've no more dividends to gun for.  
And Britain's, thank Marx-Lenin, down and done for.  
But as it is," reaching for the port, he said  
"You might as well have peace till you are dead,"  
With loud applause the company attests  
Its warmth of welcome to its distinguished guests,  
And, humbly prostrate, the base bourgeois scum  
Thanks them for having spared the time to come.

C. H.



THE AMBASSADORS

# An Iron Curtain-Raiser

*Moscow: A council chamber.*

*Enter ROSENKRUSH and GULDENBULGE tired for a journey.*

ROSEN: And so, good Guildenbulge, my twin in embassy, a word privily, or old antick Voroshilov comes to pipe our imminent passage.

GUILD: And with him that pied ninny, Malenkov, grinning like a cheese, plump fingers still callus'd from pats o' the English head.

ROSEN: It is of him I would speak. And of the irregularous Serov.

GUILD: That swinge-buckler. Unbolt, then.

ROSEN: With a will.

*[Tucket, within]*

What say you, when we two from Thames' reechy bank come again, were that brace of cullions mining salt?

GUILD: I say "Ay," and would give an eye to see it. That they mined earth would suit me the more snugly.

ROSEN: Then I'll pour such stuff in old Voroshilov's gauzed ear it will burst from his lips like daggers. Leave all to my attorneyship and we'll sow the pair roundly.

*[A parle sounded]*

Soft, they approach.

*Enter, from one side, VOROSHILOV, supported; from the other, MOLOTOV, GROMYKO, MIKOYAN, MIKHAILOV, MALENKOV, and SEROV, with Attendants, Guards and Boy with a dove.*

VOROSH: It slips me, comrades, what the matter is Convenes us here. I had it erst, but since Old memory's unpropp'd.

SEROV *(aside)*: Old fiddlesticks.  
Long happy years attend you, loving liege,  
For every five, a plan, for every plan  
Five more again. And as to memory's proppings,  
Would all recall be blanked so.

MALENKOV: Ay, for blood  
Is no companion o' nights. Thus do we all  
Now take our station on forgiveness' flank,  
Look back on nothing, onward but to love  
All fellow-men. The creed's new-policied.

GUILD *(aside)*: Sneek up, thou gorbelly!

ROSEN *(aside)*: Go pass thy pouncet-box  
On Blackpool promenade.

MAL: Most puissant lord,  
Thy matter here's to waft our noble brothers  
A thousand leagues to London.

ROSEN: Here's a parchment.

VOROSH: Ay, so, and thick-pleach'd in thy hand. I'll read it Straight.

MIKHAILOV *(aside)*: Thou art a straight man, that is sure,  
And Rosenkrush and Guildenbulge thy clowns,  
To bounce their wit off thy old costard now.

VOROSH *(reads)*:  
Now will ourself in person fresh dispatch  
To proud new cater-cousins in Westminster  
Our liegers Krush and Bulge—how now, what's  
here?

ROSEN: Is it ill writ?

VOROSH:

'Tis clear.

ROSEN:

And friendly meant.

'Tis thus that in familiar, childish clepe  
The English folk would dub us, wooing an amity  
They fear to smell the lack of.

VOROSH:

Is it so?

*(reads)* Our liegers Krush and Bulge, that from  
proud Muscovy

Take shard-borne course to Albion. Peace attend  
thee.

GUILD *(aside to Boy)*:

The dove, thou drumble-wits. Release the dove.  
Od's pittikins when nice conceit of festival  
Neglect its mark for pranking, barbles dolt!

*[Boy looses dove]*

ROSEN: A sign, old Voroshilov! Peace attend,  
On those thy words a symbol dove flew up!

VOROSH: Send good Gromyko to repeal it straight,  
He may stand press'd for such a sign ere long.

GROMYKO *(aside)*:

Old dribbler. So Gromyko now goes fowling.

*[Exit GROMYKO]*

VOROSH *(reads)*:

Sweet peace attend thee both, good honest friends,  
That lately did most notably reguerdon  
More early friends, now late. Old Tukhachevsky,  
Graved, now pardoned, and a myriad more,  
All comrades without stain who spill'd their blood  
Not willingly, but richly and with honour  
As now appears. Such errors will occur.  
'Tis well they be so gen'rously confess'd.  
Go then to Albion, to kiss the hand  
Of royal queen or such base substitute  
As shall, base only by compare, extend.  
Kiss Summerskill. To Attlee all new garter'd  
Remit our love. Cry God for Harry Pollitt,  
At pilgrim'd Canterbury take thy pause  
To clip old Hewlett Johnson of our cause.

GUILD: We thank thee, ancient Voroshilov.

ROSEN: Thanks.

My halting pen hast thou transfigured quite.

VOROSH: It halted none too soon. Now, all, good night.

ROSEN: A moment, lord,

*[He speaks aside with VOROSH: Several  
speak aside together]*

MIKH: Why, now, what hare is skinn'd?

MIK: Not mine. I stand too high. In Nehru's Ind

I hooped a nation to us. Fair is fair.

MOL: 'Tis strange. In Ind did that fell-feated pair  
Drench curses on the West. Now straight they go  
To Western shores. Who missions madness so?

MAL: And we here latch'd, like kettle lid to pot—  
All grapes turn sour to them that taste them not.

SER: Full sour for me, in sooth. I seal'd each crack,  
That this duet should wag their safe way back,  
Which act, were folly scaled forth by the pound  
Should yield me forty tons to mulch my ground.





"Says he's employed by the Ministry of Works to scare the starlings out of Trafalgar Square."

MAL: True spoke. I would the pair were subtly mured,  
So our uncertain platform were ensured.

MOL: To that end, when the present quiddit's done,  
We five will meet, and scheme to act as one.

[Trumpet without, and an ordnance shot off

MIKH: Farewell, Kuznetsov, else my ears mistake—  
Fool, to toe lines we lately did unmake.  
But Voroshilov speaks.

VOROSH: Seize Malenkov!  
[Guards seize MALENKOV

SEROV: Our five is short by one.

VOROSH: Seize Serov, more!  
[More guards seize SEROV

MOL (aside):

The five is three. May it but stick at that.

VOROSH: O what it is, when office hard bears down,  
To know a friend. Our trusty Rosenkrush  
Hath minded me how these base chamberers  
Have sore disservic'd us. The one hath smiled,  
With marchpane cloying up his beaming jowls

And spoke full idiot-fair to English ears,  
Palm-clapping all in moist and cheveril clutch  
As who would prove our State a slop-fed maid.  
Whiles hath the other wreakful, nut-hook knave  
Glinted his gunstone eyes at vigilant lens,  
Tilted his ravin'd cap, laid bare his fangs  
And with fierce ostent glowered forth his bile  
Till foes who would be friends have read his mien  
As our design true-mirror'd. So, these both,  
One with false clay, with falser steel the other,  
Distort our cause, and treason's fee shall pay:  
Withdraw their food cards. Take them both away.

[Exeunt SER. and MAL. bound

Mikhailov, see them sure dispos'd.

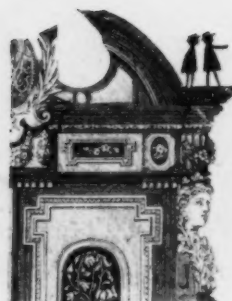
[Exit MIKH., with Guards

And now,

Sweet Krush and Bulge, to England straight. I vow  
Thou hast done well such vileness to unveil.

[Trumpet without, and two ordnances shot off  
And lend a merry ending to our tale.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



Arrangements for the visit of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev have now been completed by the Central Office of Information, and owing to a hideous blunder details are given below. Facilities for photographers and reporters will be made available wherever possible, subject to the approval of Their Excellencies' gracious security bodyguard.

#### WEDNESDAY, April 18

- 3.45 p.m. (approx.) Reception at Westminster Pier by members of the Royal Family (to be selected), the Prime Minister and General Secretary of the T.U.C. A leading works band will render "The Internationale," the "Eton Boating Song," etc. The H.A.C. will fire a 2-gun salute as the Russian flag is broken over the Colonial Office. Bouquets presented by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.  
Drive to the Houses of Parliament, streets lined by contented workers (to be selected).  
4.30 p.m. Tea on the terrace, Palace of Westminster.  
7.30 p.m. Highbury Football Ground. Marshal Bulganin will kick off at floodlit match in aid of N.A.T.O. Forces' Welfare Fund.  
8.00 p.m. Their Excellencies dine privately with Mr. H. Pollitt.

#### THURSDAY, April 19

- 11.00 a.m. Ceremonial drive to Guildhall, to receive the Freedom of the City of London, and lunch as guests of the Lord Mayor.  
3.00 p.m. The Mint. Their Excellencies will graciously see the striking of Commemorative Medallions bearing their gracious portraits.  
4.00 p.m. Attendance at performance of "St. George and the Dragon" by local schoolchildren. Marshal Bulganin will distribute paper roubles, Mr. Khrushchev prize copies of *War and Peace*.  
5.00 p.m. Royal Naval College, Greenwich, for film show in the Painted Hall. (*In Which We Serve*, *Battleship Potemkin*.)  
7.00 p.m. Their Excellencies will graciously dine at Buckingham Palace. At a private investiture the Most Noble Order of the Garter will be conferred. Dancing.

#### FRIDAY, April 20

- 10.00 a.m. (and all day). Tour of Crichel Down conducted by the Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Dugdale.

#### SATURDAY, April 21

- 10.30 a.m. Street name-changing ceremony, Grosvenor Square. (Brook Street and Upper Brook Street to become Bulganin Street and Khrushchev Street; Grosvenor Square to become Red Square.) Honorary Colonelcies of selected U.S. Regiments will be conferred.  
12.00 noon Their Excellencies will visit the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, where Mr. Khrushchev will lay a wreath in memory of animals killed during the war, and Marshal Bulganin will read in Russian from *Just-So Stories*.  
1.00 p.m. Lunch at the U.S. Embassy. Mr. Winthrop Aldrich will propose the visitors' health, coupled with "World Understanding."  
7.30 p.m. Appearance on B.B.C. sound and vision, "In Town To-night."  
8.00 p.m. Guests of Honour at dinner given by the National Association of Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies. Marshal Bulganin will propose a toast to the memory of Herbert Spencer.

#### SUNDAY, April 22

- 11.00 a.m. Their Excellencies will graciously attend a Service of Divine Worship at Westminster Abbey. (Anthem: "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?") Mr. Khrushchev will read the Lesson.  
12.30 p.m. Lunch at the Savoy Hotel, as guests of the Former Communist Sympathisers' Not-Forgotten Association.  
3.00 p.m. and onwards. No official programme. British Travel Association Guides will stand by in case Their Excellencies should graciously wish to see the Magna Carta, the Athenæum Club (exterior only), the Windmill Theatre, etc.

#### MONDAY, April 23

- 10.30 a.m. Drive to Oxford. Their Excellencies will receive Honorary Degrees of Litt.D., LL.D., Mus.Doc., M.R.C.V.S., etc., and later attend a Union debate on the motion, "Shakespeare was a Capitalist Hyena."  
8.00 p.m. Tour of the *Daily Worker* office conducted by Sir William Haley, who will answer questions on British newspaper production.  
9.00 p.m. Visit Bush House, Headquarters of B.B.C. Overseas Services, to hear unjammed transmissions in



Russian, Polish, Croat, etc. Dinner in the canteen (Sir Ian Jacob in the Chair).

#### TUESDAY, April 24

- 10.00 a.m. Drive to Blackbushe airport, there to emplane for Rockall, and a study of modern British colonization techniques. Mr. John Hare, Minister of State for Colonial Affairs, in attendance.
- 7.30 p.m. Savoy Hotel. Their Excellencies will graciously attend a dinner given by the Distressed Gentlefolk's Aid Association. Mr. Khrushchev will speak on "The Place of Charity in the Five Year Plan." Marshal Bulganin will reply for the guests.

#### WEDNESDAY, April 25

- 8.30 a.m. By means of model Courts set up at Transport House Their Excellencies will follow industrial procedures. (Joint Discussions, Conciliation Committees, Boards of Arbitration, Industrial Courts, Courts of Inquiry, Industrial Disputes Tribunals, Committees of Investigation, etc.)
- 1.00 p.m. Lunch at the House of Lords.
- 3.00 p.m. Drive to Windsor, where Their Excellencies will be invested as Honorary Constables of the Castle.
- 5.00 p.m. Highgate Cemetery. A short open-air Service of Thanksgiving for the Spirit of Co-existence will be conducted by the Dean of Canterbury.
- 6.00 p.m. Their Excellencies will hold a Press Conference. Mr. Khrushchev will correct any misleading statements recently made by Mr. Malenkov. Aspects of Serovism will be denounced by Marshal Bulganin.
- 7.30 p.m. The Prime Minister and Lady Eden will dine at the Russian Embassy. Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev will sing Russian Folk Duets. Dancing. (Lounge suits.)

#### THURSDAY, April 26

- 10.30 a.m. The Treasury. Their Excellencies will study balance-sheets of the Nationalized Industries.
- 12.00 noon Their Excellencies will attend the opening of the Armed Forces' Recruiting Drive at Holborn Town Hall, and will speak on "The Hydrogen Bomb; is it a deterrent?" (Mr. Khrushchev) and "The Red Army of To-day's All Right" (Marshal Bulganin).
- 1.00 p.m. Lunch at Claridge's as guests of the Society of Individualists.
- 3.00 p.m. Sunningdale Golf Club. Their Excellencies will

graciously play nine holes with Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd.

- 5.30 p.m. A short tour of famous London public houses under the auspices of the Institute of Brewing. Calls will be made at "The Dove," Hammer-smith, "The George and Vulture," Cornhill, and "The Spread Eagle and Crown," Rotherhithe.
- 8.30 p.m. Their Excellencies will graciously visit Hammer-smith Palais de Danse, accompanied by Lady Eden and Miss Jennie Lee.

#### FRIDAY, April 27

- 10.00 a.m. Tour of the Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Harwell. Later to the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough.
- 1.00 p.m. Lunch privately at the Russian Embassy.
- 3.00 p.m. Tour of Scotland Yard, Special Branch. Later to the War Office (M.I.5).
- 7.00 p.m. Dine privately at the Russian Embassy.
- 9.30 p.m. Private and unescorted visit to the Tower of London to graciously examine the Crown Jewels.
- 10.30 p.m. (approx.) Emplane for Moscow, London Airport.

#### VISIT TO GUILDHALL

*Order of the Procession (Provisional)*

A Mounted Policeman

First Float. "Co-existence." Russian housewives operating an electric brain-washing machine

Second Float. "Russian Industry." Modern methods of mining salt

Third Float. "British Industry." Modern methods of drilling holes in ships' plates

Fourth Float. "Progress." A bust of Stalin being belaboured by Mr. Harry Pollitt

Fifth Float. A Foreign Office spokesman doing penance for illiberal sentiments

Two hundred *émigré* Czechs and Poles wearing D.F.C.s  
Massed Band of Lithuanians and Estonians playing The Internationale and bearing banners inscribed "Death to the Foreign Invader"

Fifty Soviet Special Guards

*followed by*

Fifty Soviet Political Commissars

*followed by*

Heralds, Trumpeters, Elephants, photographers, etc.

MR. KHRUSHCHEV AND MARSHAL BULGANIN

Six Fearsome Plug-uglies

Guard of Honour of twenty-four picked Pilots representing the Berlin air-lift

Six Open Carriages conveying the Members of the Cabinet

A Closed Carriage believed to contain the U.S. Ambassador

Thirty-three Floats with wax groupings commemorating abortive Four-Power Conferences in chronological order

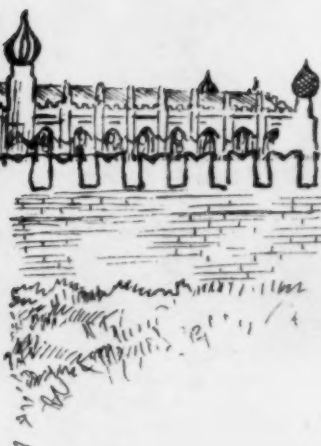
Acrobats, Tumblers, Clowns, etc.

A Mounted Policeman

# Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College



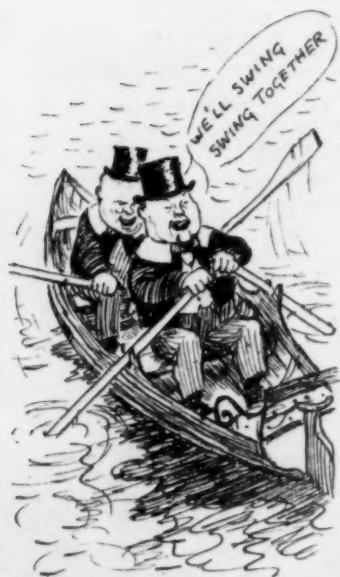
YE Fascist spires, ye bourgeois towers,  
Within whose planless shade  
Fair Burgess passed his childhood's hours  
And holy Eden played,  
And ye of Windsor, ducal seat,  
Where Wally Simpson used to eat  
And entertain that curious bunch,  
Whence we survey the watery mead  
And where (the printed programmes read)  
They're going to give us lunch.



Say, Comrade Thames (who knows as yet?),  
Among these fields of thine  
What little victim can we get  
To toe the party line?  
Where Strachey chased the flying ball  
And Dalton did not chase at all  
And happy Haldane went to ground,  
Say, may it haply come to pass  
Some further traitor to his class  
May even yet be found?



Lo, there, regardless of the hour,  
The young Imperialist,  
Base hireling of a foreign power,  
Contrives to co-exist.  
See how the contradictions stand,  
Encumbering him on every hand  
In dialectic's baleful fog.  
Observe with trousers neatly creased  
The youthful neo-fascist beast,  
The cannibal and dog.



Of Eton and its flannelled fools  
Enough, since it is known  
The notion of these public schools  
Was ours and ours alone.  
'Twas we with Marxist-Lenin care  
Who built these institutions where  
By synthesis and common sense  
The eldest sons of commissars  
Are taught to read and scan and parse  
At very high expense.



The petty-bourgeois mind may yearn  
To have an equal share.  
Ambition says that what you earn  
Should be your own affair.  
And Envy tells that every man  
Should collar anything he can,  
And sweet Corruption asks for more.  
Since every palm is made to itch,  
There, where Stakhanovites are rich,  
'Tis folly to be poor. CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



# The Visitation—Latest

By "Pravda's" Special Correspondent

*Moscow, Tuesday*

AS Lord Salisbury, head of Britain's Atomic Power Stations, stepped from his plane in bright sunshine here this morning a cheer went up from the twenty-four prize-winning riveters detailed to provide a spontaneous welcome.

Raising his polished top-hat, the lord smiled unfeignedly and walked forward to inspect them, kissing two female ones and pinning a small decoration on the foreman's cap. His entourage included three jolly London Bobbies in navy blue suits, each wearing an Arsenal rosette; a group of secretaries bearing gifts of Harris tweed and Stilton; a neutral observer from the *Chicago Tribune*; and a Dagenham Girl Piper.

The lord, looking pale after his trip, endeared himself at once to the spectators by openly removing his bullet-proof waistcoat and flinging it on the ground. He then made a speech in English, in which he said that England has much to learn from the U.S.S.R. He also said he hoped to see something of our coalmen, plumbers, greengrocers' assistants, and insurance agents. "Only by meeting the workers in their humble homes," he said, "can one understand the meaning of atomic power and the problems of international tension."

The Dagenham Girl Piper was then presented to Mr. Malenkov, and the British party drove off in open cars to their hotel, frequently standing up to blow kisses to the factory girls and released political prisoners who lined the streets.

Meanwhile your correspondent examined the plane which had transported the lord. It is of a type not hitherto seen in Russia, and it is not yet clear how the pilot managed to get it this far without some terrible accident. The wings seem to be fastened on with drawing-pins, and there is a hole in the roof. The armchairs are covered with cheap cretonne. One wheel looks very loose, and the cinema only seats forty.

*Wednesday*

Anna Dmitrov, a second-class chambermaid at the Moskva Hotel, reports that the Lord Salisbury wears long woollen underpants very similar to

those of her uncle, a charcoal-burner in a village near Odessa. "How charming is the lord!" said Anna in an interview. "He does not lash his serfs in public, and has not brought his crown. He wishes to visit my aged mother, who is bedridden in Kiev, so that together they may recite Pushkin and Maxim Gorky. Pushkin is his favourite poet."

*Saturday*

The visit to Moscow of Commander Burt, ill-famed head of the notorious Special Branch of England's hated

Secret Service, is an insult! This man, whose very name strikes terror in the hearts of simple peasants throughout the length and breadth of Britain, has flown here to supervise security arrangements for the proposed visit of Eden and Macmillan ("Ede and Milly," as witty Muscovites are calling them).

Burt spent three hours yesterday testing the burglar alarms in the Sovietskaya Hotel, where Ede and Milly will stay. The suite was thoroughly searched for booby-traps, and a nest of cruel machine-guns was set up in a



"Call it Early Victorian if you like, but certainly not neo-Georgian."



"Another 'To Await Arrival.'"

built-in cupboard in the bathroom. Tight-lipped and uncommunicative, the Commander then drove off in a plain van, escorted by a battalion of English mounted policemen—those very thugs whose job it is to trample underfoot the humble workers when they gather outside the Houses of Parliament to beg for more bread. Can we countenance the presence in our midst of these swaggering ruffians, with the blood of the proletariat still wet on their truncheons? At the risk of seeming deviationist, I say No! Away with these leather-gaitered hooligans and their iron-fisted leader!

How different is the genial Lord of Salisbury! This self-confessed aristocrat, one of a line of Cecils stretching back to the despotic reign of Elizabeth I, has already won the hearts of the people. After the most cursory tour of some power plant or factory, he will rush away, evading his anxious Bobbies, and be found hours later reading Tolstoy to kiddies in a back street, or laughing heartily at an old copy of *Krokodil* in a simple tavern. Only yesterday, en route for a luncheon with the Inspector of Reactors and the Deputy Stock-Pile Supervisor, he insisted on holding up the first motor-bike and sidecar that passed and chatting informally with the occupants, a honeymoon couple from Rostov. He plied them with questions,

asking how much their boots cost, whether they did any trout fishing, what they thought of the Dynamos' chances on Saturday, and where he could buy a second-hand sledge. A large crowd of artisans having collected, he led them in some impromptu community singing, including the finale from *Boris Godounov* (his favourite number). He then distributed coloured portraits of Stanley Matthews and Lady Violet Bonham Carter, and proceeded on his way.

Commenting later, he said "I never saw a sidecar like that in England. It makes me very happy."

#### Sunday

Complaints have been made in London that the programme planned for the visit of Eden and Macmillan includes too many official functions and does not provide sufficient scope for contact with the man in the street. To combat this, a detachment of men in the street is being assembled, who will be introduced to the diplomats three at a time, dressed in national costume. Heavy artillery is being concentrated in the vicinity of the Bolshoi Theatre, over which a sixteen-gun salute will be fired during a performance of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Ede and Milly are expected to insist on ordinary seats in the Pit. They will spend their first week-end as guests of a retired Moscow postman, and engagements so far scheduled include an informal whist-drive at the house of the postman's married daughter, and a special showing of the film of Lord Salisbury kicking-off at last Saturday's football match.

"I expect to be the life and soul," Ede announced yesterday in the *London Times*. "Milly is already quite proficient on the balalaika, and I hope to have an opportunity of singing some of my favourite Ukrainian folk-songs to his accompaniment, preferably on the tops of buses, where the people can hear them."

ALEX ATKINSON

#### From Punch, June 8, 1844

##### TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS FOR THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA

Hear all men! Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, has come over to visit the Queen. Of course some of the distinguished readers of PUNCH will ask him to dine with them. On the occasion of a grand dinner, it is usual to propose toasts and sentiments. It is not every kind of toast and sentiment that absolute monarchs approve of; PUNCH, therefore, as a boon to the different Noblemen and Prelates who take him in, and who may happen to have the Emperor for a guest, has cut and dried the following, which, he hopes, will suit the taste of his Majesty:

- "Universal Despotism."
- "Persecution, Intolerance, and Civil and Religious Bondage all over the World."
- "Brute Force, the Mainstay of Government, and the Preservative of Order."
- "Slavish Fear, the sole Source of Obedience."
- "The Will of the Autocrat, the Fountain of legitimate Authority."
- "Thralldom of Speech and Opinion."
- "Servitude of the Press."
- "Slavery of Conscience."
- "Arrest of Civilization and Retrogression of Humanity."
- "The Downfall of the Greek Constitution."
- "The Extermination of the Poles."
- "Woe to the Children of Israel."
- "Long Life and Misery to the Exiles of Siberia."
- "Severity in the Judge, and Inhumanity in the Gaoler."
- "The immortal Memory of Nero."
- "Dungeon Extension."
- "The Knout."



## THE LATEST ARRIVAL AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

Leech's cartoon in Punch of June 8, 1844, on the occasion of the visit to London of the Emperor Nicholas I of Russia.



**RUSSIAN VISITORS SEE MARCH-PAST.** The parade of the fighting services approaching the Admiralty Arch. The parade was designed to display the latest British equipment. Marshal Bulganin, who took the salute from a specially-erected dais opposite Clarence House, told reporters "I was frankly amazed by what I saw."



## Poor Old Joe

I AM just a mixed up Stalinist. This, as far as I am concerned, is going to spoil the visit of Bulganin and Khrushchev, which Sir Anthony Eden has so cleverly arranged. While they are here I shall be thinking all the time about poor old Joe, and how I wish it was him instead of the other two, and how difficult everything must have been for him.

Take just one thing—the fact that all his associates, like Malenkov, Bulganin and Khrushchev, didn't really like him. They just did what he told them because they were afraid. Malenkov, for instance, only wanted to spend his time with little children, picking flowers and reading Burns, but because of Joe he had to go in for purges and collectivization and all sorts of other murderous activities which must have been highly repugnant to him. This, I know, ought to make me like Malenkov and hate Joe, but for some reason it makes me like dear old Joe more than ever, because he *didn't* like little children and read Burns.

Again, I find it terribly difficult to believe (as I should) that Joe practically lost the war. There is something immensely touching to me in that old globe he used because he wasn't

clever enough to read a map. I think of him hopelessly spinning that globe round and round while Bulganin and Khrushchev and Malenkov were in another room poring over proper maps and generally getting the hang of the campaign, and I feel near to tears.

Another reason I find it so difficult to shed my Stalinism is that at the Teheran and Yalta conferences Joe took all the tricks. If Joe was nothing but a murderous buffoon, I ask myself, what about the chaps he took the tricks off, namely, Roosevelt and Churchill?

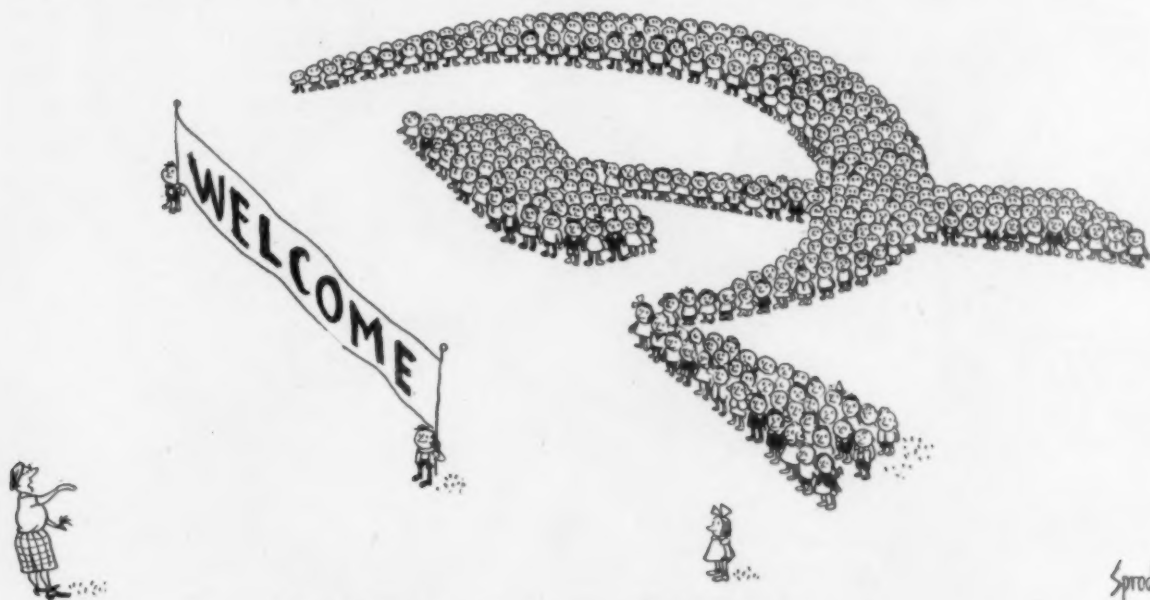
Then again, because I have this feeling about Joe, I somehow just can't like Bulganin and Khrushchev. I ought to, I know. They are going to be our guests. Our Prime Minister has asked them over, and the Queen has invited them to see her. In India and elsewhere they said that we English were a lot of greedy colonialists, and that we turned the Nazis on to them in 1941, and, as everyone knows, that is the way to an Englishman's heart. If anyone wants to be loved in this country, and wants to have nice leading articles written about him in *The Times*, and nice things said about him in Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers, the thing to do is just go for us good and hard.

Even about Serov I couldn't help thinking to myself: "Why should everyone be so hard on poor old Serov?" He only did what Bulganin and Khrushchev told him to do. How I wish there was some sort of place, like a Turkish bath, where you could sweat out such disloyal thoughts. If Sir William Haley or some other public-spirited figure would set up a chain of brain-washing centres I'd be among the very first customers.

As Mr. Richard Strong (Lord Beaverbrook's most brilliant recent discovery) has told us, Sir Anthony Eden combines, as a man in his position should, firmness and pliability. Thus, for instance, besides inviting Bulganin and Khrushchev, he has exiled Archbishop Makarios—a glorious victory which will take its place along with Trafalgar, the Charge of the Light Brigade and other such episodes. All the same, there is one small point which made me feel (and I didn't think I was capable of the emotion) a tiny bit sorry for Bulganin and Khrushchev. I read in the newspapers that while they are over here they are to have twenty hours of conversation with Sir Anthony.

This seems an awful lot. I can't help thinking that dear old Joe, at his testiest, would have felt that it was a bit on the cruel side.

M. M.



"Get back into line, Wendy, you wretched little deviationist!"

# Models for Muscovy

By EVOE

NOTHING in Mr. Malenkov's recent visit to this Island became him, in my humble opinion, like the leaving it. He seized the occasion (before waving good-bye) to visit Madame Tussaud's, and as far back as I can remember I have met people, lacking I suppose in diligence and culture, who say that the only sights in London that they have seen are Madame Tussaud's and the Tower. In a way they have been right. These are the epitome of our history, and the former is the more vivid evocation. How else, almost with a single stroke of the eye, can one conjure up Harold defeated at Hastings, the Magna Carta, Shakespeare, Carlyle and Hobbs? Hobbs without the "e."

For this reason my own interview with Mr. Malenkov differed greatly from other sequacious reporters, and hunters of autographs. He did not pat me on the head or present me with a stick of Blackpool rock. He spent the whole time, with a few interruptions from myself, in describing the huge waxworks exhibition which he hopes to install in Moscow. He saw it as an immense rotunda, divided into two compartments, above and below, embracing for the benefit of the unlettered and ignorant the whole story of the Slavonic race and its satellites. In one place would be the Tsars, surrounded by all the circumstances of their vanished terror and their ancient crimes,

in a room which he proposed to call "Pandemonium."

I expressed some surprise at his wishing to perpetuate their memories at all.

"They were expansionists," he said. "When you were nearly losing your country to France they were adding enormous tracts of territory to ours, and now that your Empire is breaking into pieces we are still expanding. But they were misguided in their methods and they will be visited with a kind of reverent horror, like your effigies of Mr. Crippen and Mr. Peace."

"But the second room will be the more remarkable. It will be the Anti-deviation Chamber, and around its walls we shall place the kneeling or prostrate figures of those Comrades who have strayed from the true path of Collectivism and suffered accordingly——"

"Chief amongst whom——" I broke in.

"As you say," he answered. "What troubles me is the central figure in the middle of the room. I think it should be a gigantic head and torso of Marx with a raised right arm, but I do not feel sure."

I suggested Argus.

"Argus?" he queried.

"He was the child of Zeus and Niobe," I said, "and he had a hundred eyes. I have always wanted to see an effigy of Argus, and so far as I can learn no sculptor, using any material, has made one yet. I do not see it as a

mobile, but I think it might be done by a modeller of great genius in wax. Argus was appointed by the wife of Zeus to look after Io, a young lady whom she had turned into a cow. Some of the eyes were awake while others were asleep, and I thought that this could be managed rather neatly by electric control, some eyes constantly flashing out while others were extinguished, like the advertisements in Piccadilly Circus. You have seen our Piccadilly Circus?"

He had.

"You would have Argus," I said, "instead of Eros as the centre of your Anti-deviation Chamber——"

"And it could turn round and round!" he said with some excitement.

"It could. It would be a perpetual symbolical reminder of the perils of any undue departure from the prescribed doctrines of Collectivist ideology."

I watched with some interest the interpreter translating this sentence into Russian. It was like an express train coming into a railway terminus.

Mr. Malenkov said he would think it over and we parted with mutual expressions of goodwill.

"By the way," he said, leaning out of his aeroplane, "what happened to your friend Argus in the end?"

"I have forgotten," I shouted.

But I hadn't really. The god Hermes charmed Argus to sleep by playing on the flute and then cut off his head. The wife of Zeus put all his eyes into the peacock's tail, where one finds them still.

But there is no sense in going on with a story too long. I reflected that Messrs. Khrushchev and Bulganin would be very likely to visit the waxworks during their stay in this country, and that I might have a chance of talking to them about Malenkov's idea. There are sure to be several delightful conversations at the airport—when they embark.



"Khachaturian always blows the fuse."

"WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM THIS WEEKEND? IN OUR AGE OF ANXIETY MOST ESCAPE ROUTES PROVE BLIND ALLEYS DR. LESLIE WEATHERHEAD concludes his series 'NOT TO WORRY.'"

Daily Mail

Not to worry.



*"I just asked him to dance, and he danced."*







## HANDOUT

*The following is the text of the speech to be made to both Houses of Parliament by Mr. Khrushchev.*

COMRADE Lords and Members of the House of Commons!

I wish to begin by thanking you for the honour you have done me by inviting me to speak to you from this historic Throne, with its many cultural associations.

Last year I paid a friendship-visit to India. There is nothing in India as beautiful as this magnificent Chamber. The Indians are savages and have no cultural traditions going back more than a few years. While I was there the Taj Mahal began to fall down. This is all that is to be expected of a nation which is almost uneducated, politically or in any other way, and in which the noxious cult of personality is cultivated as sedulously as it is by the public-school hyena Jawaharlal Nehru.

We also visited Burma in order to draw ever closer the bonds of affection that link our countries. In Burma the tyrannical rulers are erecting extravagant and useless pagodas to gratify the vanity of the priestly castes, while the workers live in mud huts.

Earlier in the year, Marshal Bulganin and I visited Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia is a very backward nation in which the basic principles of Communism have been perverted for the personal aggrandizement of the so-called marshal, Tito. There will be no place for Yugoslavia in the future comity of civilized nations.

During our stay in England, which I believe will do much to strengthen the many ties that already join us, we look forward to seeing many things of cultural interest. Naturally it was too much to hope that we should be shown

anything sensible, such as preparations for hydrogen warfare or railway workers' houses in Swindon.

But we look forward to our visit to the new bust of Karl Marx which has been erected in our honour in the Royal Highgate Cemetery. The erection of this memorial is especially appropriate at this time, for in my country we are now in the process of sorting out the pure political theory of our movement from



the nauseating and dangerous heresies propagated by the torturer and mass-murderer Joseph Stalin. The list of crimes to be charged against this monster and mountebank is endless. It includes the cold-blooded liquidation of many thousands of innocent Russians; the cynical repudiation of the sacred pact with Joachim Von Ribbentrop and the invasion of Germany; the false and hypocritical claim to have invented the sewing-machine; and many other items as unspeakable as these.

If reactionary elements should arise, in Georgia or anywhere else, hoping to

prolong the evil memory of this blood-stained tyrant, you may be assured that we shall know how to deal with them.

Moreover, if it is necessary we shall not hesitate to extend our purge further back into history. We do not forget that Vladimir Ilyich Lenin was himself not guiltless of personality-deviation, that he sent into exile our great leader Leon Trotsky, that he gave the orders that led to the execution of that great Russian, father of his people and close relative of your Royal Family, Tsar Nicholas II.

In the meantime we greatly look forward to seeing the many cultural and industrial achievements of the British workers. The Imperial Institute, the Imperial Tobacco Company, the great Empire Pool at Wembley, the Colony Room—all these bear witness to the great genius of the British proletariat in dealing with the problem of imperialism. When we look to-day at the Irish Free State, at Burma, at India and Pakistan, we see how remarkable is the ability of the British in this connection.

Many lovers of liberty will be watching, from Hungary, from Rumania, from Czechoslovakia, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, nay, from Poland itself, the triumphant flowering of the British colonial genius now to be seen on the beautiful island of Cyprus.

I hope that this visit of Marshal Bulganin and myself will be but the first of many visits to this country to be made by high Soviet officials. As I stand here in your resplendent Chamber, comrade lords, I like to think of your great palaces, your factories, your sportsfields and theatres and workers' housing-estates, all of them swarming with Russian guests, friendly and peaceful advocates for the Soviet way of life.

B. A. YOUNG

## Rehabilitation Order, 1956

WHEREAS it has become necessary to release from gaol a number of citizens incarcerated through incorrect decisions made over the past twenty or thirty years and WHEREAS some thousands of others have been erroneously shot owing to an undue insistence on the personality cult, great care must be taken when making mistakes in the future to see that they are as far as possible not of an irremediable nature. The following Rules will

be observed by Judges, Commissars, Secret Police and others charged with the duty of putting comrades to death, carrying out purges, extracting confessions, removing photographs from station waiting-rooms, etc.

### SCHEDULE

1. Sentences of death will be only partially carried out. Traitors, hyenas, etc., should be slightly shot, preferably in the fleshy part of the upper arm,

and stored in a cool place for possible use later on as Presidents of the Presidium, rehabilitated Heroes of the Soviet Union, or witnesses against the persons responsible for their incorrect punishment.

★

2. Purges must be mild, and great tact should be shown in carrying them out. If, for instance, the safety of the State demands that all Admirals of the Fleet should disappear overnight it will be regarded as incorrect, as from the date of this Order, to slaughter them out of hand. Circumstances (e.g. an unsigned article in *Pravda*) may require their return to duty in five or ten years time. Embarrassment will be avoided if it is possible, in that event, to prove that they have spent the interval on an intensive Staff Course in the Urals.

★

3. Not less than *two* confessions will henceforward be extracted from comrades before the courts on serious charges. The first should admit guilt on all matters brought against the defendant, and ask for an additional fifty or sixty offences of a similar nature to be taken into account. The second, which must not be produced at the time of sentence, should confess that the first confession is a pack of lies, uttered under duress. It will also be advisable in most cases to append an affidavit to the documents declaring that at no time during the proceedings was the defendant subjected to unkindness or pressure of any kind. All three statements must, of course, be signed by the defendant, as soon as he feels up to it.

★

4. Careful records will be kept of all executed persons, "disappearances," imprisoned deviationists, etc., together with their present addresses, state of health, etc., so that they can be produced immediately on demand. Rehabilitation Drill will be carried out regularly in all prisons, and will include exercises designed to eliminate rancour and prepare convicts to take up important Government posts at a moment's notice. Prisoners who die a natural death had better be embalmed.

★

5. Printed vilification of convicted enemies of the State will continue to be



"Dear Mrs. Kelly, Marshal Bulganin and Comrade Khrushchev thank you for your kind invitation to your daughter's wedding, but very much regret that a previous engagement . . ."

severe, but will be so phrased as to be capable, in certain eventualities, of being read as praise. Expressions such as "slimy hypocrite, butcher and agent of the Western powers" are to be avoided as tending to give a wrong impression later on. Recourse should be had to condemnation of a general nature, e.g. "inveterate opponent of the policy of the Central Committee." It will readily be seen that this phrase becomes laudatory immediately the policy of the Central Committee is found to have been wrong.

★

6. Pictures and statues whose removal is ordered are to be carefully labelled and stored. Only group photographs will, for the time being, be displayed in their stead; and even these should be suspended from easily detachable hooks rather than nailed to the wall. Auto-biographies, except of a highly self-critical nature, are forbidden.

★

7. Satellite States, the People's Republic of China, *Humanité*, the *Daily Worker* and other interested parties will be sent a weekly return of hyenas, rehabilitatees, post-mortem canonizations and any other information required to keep them in the picture and obviate awkwardness. The return should also show Tito's popularity-rating at the time of going to press.

#### CAUTIONARY CLAUSE

Should it prove necessary at any time, in the interests of world peace, to issue a Rehabilitation of Stalin (Death to Traducers of the Personality Cult) Order, the Rules set out in the above schedule will automatically be abrogated, retrospectively. Judges, Commissars, Secret Police and others should bear this point in mind.

H. F. ELLIS

#### More Distorted Reports

"At Brighton Mr. Georgi Malenkov, the former Russian Premier, was mobbed like a film star by Easter holiday crowds at this popular seaside resort and asked to shake hands and sign autographs and chuck children under their chains."

*Cambria News Bulletin*

"He has been besieged for autographs and mobbed by factory girls, and in few places he has visited have their been any signs of hospitality."—*Pretoria News*



"Hop it, Rasputin."

#### Absent Friends

SWEET snakes and gentle spiders, gather here;  
Fair lice and friendly sewer-rats, draw near;  
Skunks, vultures, wolves and scorpions, join the throng—  
Justice must surely come your way ere long.

And come, endearing Haigh and noble Heath  
And Christie, half in love with squeeze-ful death;  
Come, candid Straffen, amorous of youth,  
Discard old thoughts of penitence or ruth,

And learn from current portents to await  
Your rehabilitation by the state.  
A hint of prejudice remains, it's true,  
But once they welcomed Serov: why not you?

B. A. Y.

# Towards a Reasoned Economy

By HONOR TRACY

THESE remarks are not addressed to any whose life, work or point of view removes them altogether from the grey world of reality. Politicians, captains of industry, lunatics and gipsies should pay them no heed at all. Nor will they be of the slightest value to tycoons with fat expense-accounts, or to those supernaturally fortunate at Monte Carlo, or to the artistic and mobile who spend six months and a day of each year at Torremolinos. They are intended purely as aid and comfort to thinking men and women who have to live on a fixed income and—even sadder in the world of to-day—at a fixed address. Such people will have to practise a stringent economy from now to the end of their lives if the privileged classes listed above are to continue making ends meet; and this being so, it is worth taking pains to establish the best, the most imaginative, way of going about it.

A method that will occur to some is by not spending money; and there may be those who will allege that it is the most reliable. But here is a frame of mind we must try to avoid. In the system I am about to lay before you there is no place for crankiness of that sort, or any other. This system has been tried

and perfected over a period of rather more years than I care to remember. It is scientific, and yet allows the fancy to play: it depends on rational control, and yet involves no hardship; and it is simple. Laughably simple, you may think, when you hear the formula: Intelligent Saving, Prudent Investment. But the number of persons capable of applying it is astonishingly small.

As an illustration, we can take a case which may appear at first somewhat peculiar and special but in fact is nothing of the kind. You may remember the gasp of horror that went up some time ago when it was announced that gin was to be a few shillings dearer: the care-lined faces, the muttering, the anxious working out of sums on the backs of old envelopes. As far as I was concerned the system immediately got to work with its usual oiled precision. By not drinking gin at all I was the price of at least one bottle a week to the good already, and the extra cost therefore merely represented an additional saving; and I now was able to afford a good dry sherry instead of the African brew of leaner times.

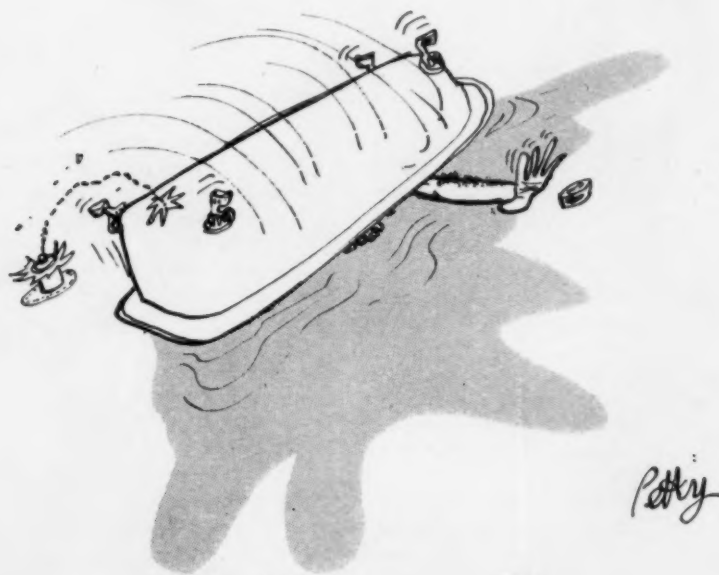
Now please don't say that this is no good to you, because you do drink gin. Only have patience, and rum or whisky

will go up. One of the few things in contemporary life on which we may rely, absolutely, is a steady rise in all prices all the time. But every individual doesn't spend on every commodity or service, and the saving he effects in this way must steadily rise as well. A staggering increase in bus fares brings welcome relief to the man who runs a powerful car: if the price of petrol be doubled, it is a real little windfall for the man who drives a pony and trap. Thus, with things as they are, we simply cannot lose.

Another way of saving, equally fool-proof, is to spend every penny the minute you get it. What costs a pound to-day will certainly cost twenty-two and sixpence in twelve months' time, and who but a madman pays half a crown more for a thing than he need? And suppose you put that pound away in the Post Office, as some frantic individuals will urge you to do, who is going to give you half a crown interest at the end of the year to preserve the *status quo*? You will have to be content with sixpence: so that every pound you spend to-day is a clear two shillings in your pocket, and there is no need to hang about waiting for it to fall due.

Sound as all this is, however, there is something a little mechanical about it. It calls for no ingenuity but arises simply and inevitably from the conditions of the day. Let us now go on to consider the system in its truly creative aspect, where its application leaves us happy, fulfilled and glowing, like a French housewife who has knocked a couple of francs off a cabbage.

We will begin by budgeting for an evening's entertainment: we have invited a friend to dinner and the play, and the question is, how much to draw out of the bank. Two pounds a head should cover the meal, so make it three as oysters are still in season: that's six. Theatre tickets, seventeen and sixpence each, but call it a pound as fractions are so confusing. Thirty shillings should cover programmes and light refreshments: but will it? This is to be a gala evening and we mustn't pare cheese. A couple of pounds, then, and there ought to be a little reserve as well, in case of contingencies. The total stands at ten, and we had better make







*"Dying to get away to the tables to recoup our expenses."*

the reserve another five, as it is easier to add up the counterfoils when the amounts end in 5 or 0. Capital! Off we go to the bank. Then our friend telephones to say he is terribly sorry, he has got to go to America. We are left in the lurch—*planté*, as they say in France—with fifteen pounds on our hands, plus the thirty shillings increment we have earned by not waiting until next year.

Some people lose their heads at a moment like this and fritter the money away on grocery bills or in similar excess; but we have long had our eye on a little musical-box. The price of it is twenty pounds and we unexpectedly have sixteen-pound-ten towards it. Is seventy shillings too much to pay for so charming a thing, that will look so well with our other musical-boxes, and that we could leave to our children, if only we had them? But just as we are

purring over our luck there comes a sudden appalling realization of our selfishness and indifference to others. Merely because we happen to be on a diet it never even occurred to us that our friend would probably have liked some supper after the play. We were on the point of allowing this dear friend of ours, to whom we owe so much, to have gone hungry to bed; and in our remorseful desire to make amends we see that only the best would have done for him. Now, therefore, we get the musical-box for nothing, and still have a pound or so in hand.

The beauty of the transaction is that it leaves the way open to further investment. We should have had that musical-box sooner or later in any case: as it is, we have both the box and a capital gain of twenty pounds. Unless our friend should telephone again to say he is not going to America after all—and

he is not a man to chop and change—we may go confidently forward on our career of reasoned purchase with a twenty-pound discount on every single outlay: the future is smiling at us.

Only one word more. I have chosen this concrete method of explaining the system rather than bewilder the layman with the technical terms we economists use among ourselves. I hope no one is left with the impression that the initial saving has to be carried out in the particular way described, or that it need necessarily be invested in a musical-box. Details of that sort are left to the judgment of the individual.

"Among the special attractions especial interest was aroused by the offer of very reduced prices in the hotels for stays at Sorrento."—*A travel brochure*  
What's so special about that?

# The Colours of the Rainbow

By LORD KINROSS

**O**BSERVING Darkness and Chaos, the Almighty demanded "Let there be Light!"—and assuredly, there was a rainbow. He must have foreseen what this would lead to: a Technicolor World and, presumably, a Technicolor Heaven. From Genesis, through millennia of colour riots, we have now reached the Apocalypse. This is revealed through the works of a dignified body, housed in a Georgian mansion in Portman Square—the British Colour Council. The six colours of the rainbow are now, in the eyes of this Council, sixty times six, and in the eyes of the world, distemperers and milliners and beauticians and such (and perhaps also of the Almighty), sixty times sixty times six.

Colourfully decorated in pinks and blues and mushrooms and greens, presided over by a gentleman in a damson

coloured waistcoat, this mansion aspires to provide, where Dr. Johnson and Lord Chesterfield and Sir Joshua may have dined, a "centre of culture," a "gracious meeting place" for colour addicts from all parts of the world. A devoted staff of them wears out its eyes, day and night, artificial day and artificial night, matching this to that and that to this—a bit of wool to a baby, a bit of rayon to a sea-gull, a bit of silk to a bottle of Green Chartreuse—and so faithfully recording, in the gospel of colour, Baby Pink, Gull Grey and Chartreuse Green.

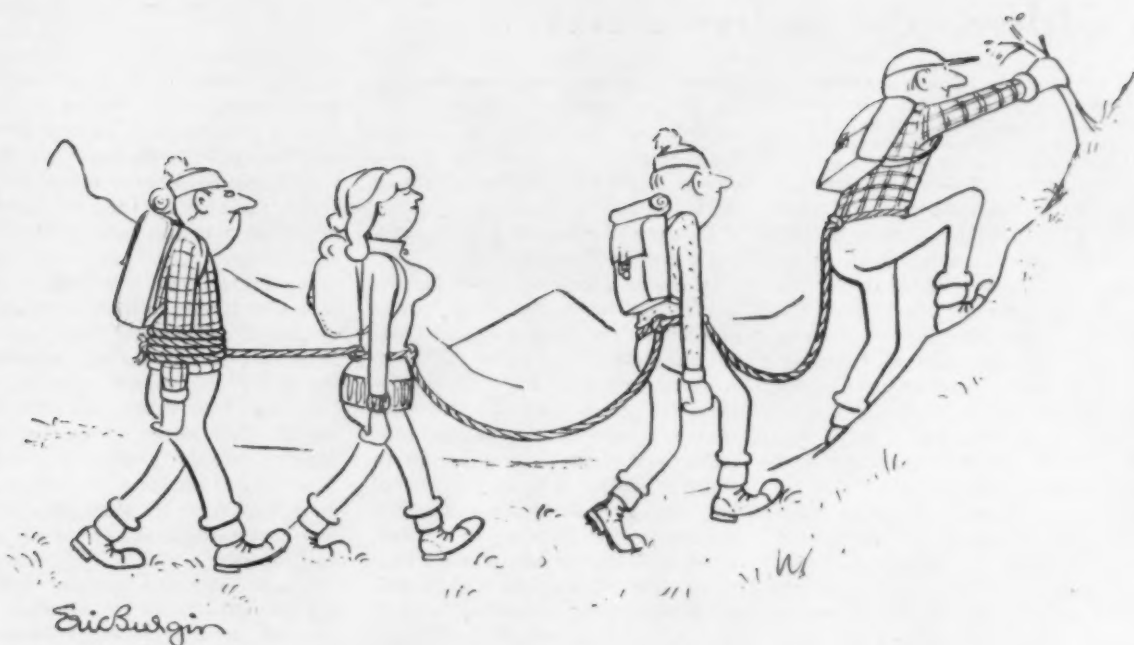
Delicately peeling bananas they give us Banana (B.C.C. 64); carefully splitting horse-chestnuts, Horse-chestnut ("matched to the skin of the nuts immediately after opening the protective case. See also Oxide Red.") Meticulously they compare a Biscuit

(cf. Champagne) to a glass of Champagne (cf. Biscuit). Temperately they reduce the food colours of greedier nations to a frugal Toast Brown and a modest Claret—Canberra Claret for Australia. Discreetly they bare a forearm to expose Flesh (see notes on Carnation) and Nude (see notes on Flesh). Diplomatically (1949) they suggest African Brown as "a more desirable name" for Nigger Brown (1934). Euphemistically they substitute Honeydew for Carrot ("a vegetable suffering some unpopularity since its ubiquitous appearance in the daily diet of the British islanders in World War II").

It is salutary to imagine the daily lives of these ladies and gentlemen, dedicated to the quest for colour. Staying up into the watches of the night they glimpse Midnight and compare it to Ming. Getting up early in the morning Dawn Pink is revealed to them. Opening the refrigerator they become aware of Ice Blue. Lying flat on their backs they see up beyond Sky Blue to Firmament, Cyanine, Heavenly; rising, they see around them Lupin, Lapis lazuli, Lilac, the Laundry and the Lido. Walking the streets they peer at Pillar Boxes and gaze at Guardsmen. Walking the fields and the gardens they pluck aconites and aubergines, buttercups and blackberries, campanulas, clover and cherries. For ever they crush strawberries, light flames, break eggshells, pour cream, observe dreadnoughts, explore grottoes, attend meets of foxhounds (Hunting Red and Hunting Yellow), and peep closely at Nymphs' Thighs (see Cream).

This is a Council, moreover, concerned with the science of psychology. Those fortunate enough to be sick or to die in a colour-conscious clinic will bless it. The sufferer, emerging from his anaesthetic, may look up to be refreshed, as though by nature, by a ceiling of green; while the surgeon is already rejoicing in a green so subtle as to absorb the colour of his splashes of blood. If his mind is deranged he will lie in a room painted yellow—did not the Romans use amber to cure the insane? If his blood-pressure is low it will be red as a stimulus; if high it will be blue, "cooling, subduing and relaxing"; if he is suffering from nerves it will be green, again, the colour of an amulet from an





ancient tomb. If he dies his coffin will be lined with a cream-patterned satin and his relatives will find relief from their weeds in a mortuary chapel, done up in delicate pinks and blues. And if the doctor has any sense he will paint his room purple, with stars on the ceiling, and charge an imperial fee.

The schoolboy blesses the Council as he looks no more upon a blackboard but on a greenboard, with inscription in primrose-yellow chalk; the soldier does so as he sweats in his barracks, no more amid custards and cocoas but amid soft greys and creams; the worker as he tends his machines, coloured yellow for attention, red for danger, blue for caution, green for safety and white for cleanliness; the business executive as he sits at his board-room table, enjoying a sense of ease from his pastel walls and a sense of opulence from his deep red curtains.

Gentlemen bless it, feeling every inch gentlemen in their suits of Brummel Grey, County Brown, Ranelagh Beige or Portman Blue; feeling, moreover, gentlemen of leisure in their shirts of Leisure Green, Sherry Tan or Piazza Blue. But ladies bless it especially. For the rainbow has run riot since a lady of fashion wore a gown described as a "stified sigh," trimmed with "super-

fluous regrets," with a bow at the waist of "perfect innocence," a cap of "assured conquest" and feathers and ribbons of "sunken eye."

To-day she may still wear Paleaway and Misty Mauve, Lover's Blush. Softly-Softly or Evening Primrose. But the Tyrian of the Romans has turned into Shocking, and Devilish Pink ousts Angel Blue. To-day the lady of fashion may clothe her form in Happy Lobster, Mayfair Mouse, Hangover Green or even Golders Green; her feet in Armagnac or Anthracite Black; her lips in Poppet Pink, Flirting Fuchsia, Sweetie Pie, Mad Red, Gipsy Kiss or Red Tape.

While the French, austere as ever, seek to sober the world with a monkish spectrum of neutral beiges and grèges, the licentious British prefer to shock it with orgiastic purples and scarlets. To-day the red-white-and-blue waves over export markets, cerise-white-and-turquoise, a flag of the Apocalypse, for all the world like the colours of Babylon itself.

## Inflation Latest

"FIRST £21 cash 1933 Austin Seven Saloon, used daily good tyres, owner getting larger."—*Hull Daily Mail*

*England, Harold and St.  
George*

THEY cannot say I did not take their votes.

All kinds of rival bodies rushed to make

## Me free of reams of duplicated notes

On action other bodies ought to take.

I tried to galvanize the nation's mind  
To effort. I would grasp the Union  
Jack

And storm into the breach, but fail to find

The nation's manhood whooping at my back.

Something restrained them. Nothing  
strange or new,

No base unwillingness to bear the  
brunt,

But native caution and a long-held view  
That others could afford to get in  
front.

Give me a good-sized goad and set me free

Of finer feelings. It is hardly worth  
Wasting a trumpet's breath on what  
must be

The idlest, most ingenious race on earth. B. B.-P. DURHAM

# Pudden

By FRANK SHAW

*"After supper Mr. Burton-Fosselton again monopolized the conversation with his Irving talk, and both Carrie and I came to the conclusion one can have even too much imitation of Irving."*

The Diary of a Nobody

MANY thought my Aunt called him Pudden because his face was so round and his figure. He even had a very round bowler hat. I knew why my Aunt called him Pudden. That was the way he said Pardon. He was always apologizing. My Aunt was a very civil person herself but she thought Pudden overdid it.

She liked him well enough and regarded his visits to my Uncle as a Godsend. Uncle, always hard to live with, had been unbearable since he had come out of hospital. (It was there he met Pudden.) He had always led an active life. He liked to back horses and he loved to stroll the streets meeting others who liked doing the same.

Even now he could sometimes stumble out for an hour or so by day. In the evening there was always the danger, while you were drawing "the Lloyd George," of a visit from an insurance official.

So it was nice to have Pudden come and keep him company.

Of course it kept her in too and she liked to go to whist drives of an evening now all her own were gone and I was old enough to be left to mind the house.

All day, when he could not get out for a walk, Uncle sat in his cane chair in the corner of the narrow little kitchen within easy reach of the spittoon and the fireplace in which a pot of tea brewed all day. He liked his tea so that the spoon stood up in it. In a drawer of the table in front of him was a large quantity of scribbling paper and a pack of cards. Behind him, on a shelf, leaning against a statue of St. Anthony,

was a pile of handicap books in orange covers.

For hours he sat there, smoking, spitting, leaning back for a handicap book, leaning down for the teapot, reading racing papers and my comics and, with the cards and the paper, working out an elaborate racing system I never understood. (I was at home sick myself, it was the time of the 'flu epidemic.)

My Aunt was out in the back-kitchen with Mary trying to cook, or wash the dishes, or dollypeg the washing, and he was all the time shouting out about racing and his illness and people who had done him down and what the English had done in Ireland and Jimmy Wilde and Everton and wanting Mary to run out for another paper or an ounce of cut plug although she had had no pay for weeks except the odd bottle of stout.

The evenings Pudden came he took a bit of the strain. Unfortunately he was one of those fellows who never knew when to go.

Bursting out of his navy blue suit and beaming all over he sat plump in the middle of the floor with us falling over his feet every time we tried to move and he saying Pudden every time this happened. He did not like stewed tea and my Aunt was by the minutes trying to squeeze behind him to get into the kitchen to make fresh tea and he could drink large quantities of this. And never getting up to go.

I should never have been surprised when I came down to breakfast next morning to have seen him still sitting there, sipping tea and saying Pudden.

"Hasn't he got a home?" my Aunt asked.

"By the holy farmer," declared my Uncle, "he has. A lovely home. He comes from decent people too, in Cheshire. But he likes my company. He was badly knocked about in the war, you know. He told me all about it in the hospital. Captured by the Germans. He was in the salt mines for two years."

"Poor fellow," murmured my Aunt. "No wonder he's so thirsty."

"He was great fun in the hospital. He had us in stitches. Nurses and all. I've seen lots worse at the Hippodrome."

"Can't say I've noticed it," sniffed my Aunt. "He just sits and drinks tea and listens to you and says Pudden."



*"You wait till the fashion changes—you'll have to walk!"*



My Uncle placed the jack of clubs on the ace of hearts and made a note.

Next night he asked Pudden why he didn't do some of the turns he used to do in hospital. Pudden said he really couldn't give his best without his make-up box. Uncle told him to bring it and Pudden's next visit was a real treat for me.

After his second cup of tea he begged our puddens and went out of the room with his little box under his arm. My Aunt and I thought he had just gone out into the yard. She went on reading the obituaries in the *Echo* on the sofa while Uncle smoked his pipe and looked knowing.

Her spectacles jumped off her nose when the door from the kitchen crashed back endangering an enlargement of the Women's Guild outing to Pantasaph, and a sepulchral voice groaned "Scrooge."

The figure which hobbled in—as Uncle wriggled with delight—was the oldest man I had ever seen. Grey, bent and wrinkled, he could only just get to the chair in the middle of the floor. When after holding us enthralled, nearly scared out of our lives, right through to Little Tim, we all clapped, none clapped louder than I.

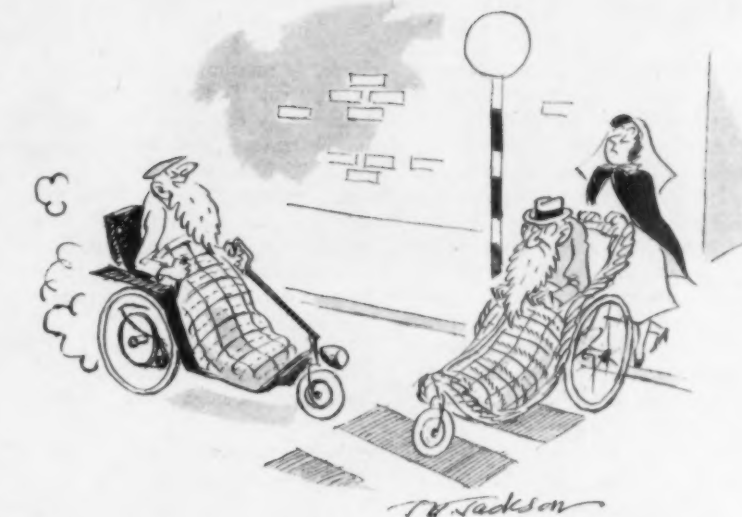
I was after him into the kitchen like a shot. Full of wild joy I watched him remove the make-up. He put on another. He became an Army officer, a bit on the fat side but the real thing; even a monocle. I followed him when he returned to render "Devil May Care" and, "by way of an encore, 'The Green Eye.'"

My Aunt enjoyed it as much as I.

I only hoped Pudden would bring his make-up box with him the next night. He did. And many nights after. I sat enthralled watching him put the make-up on and take it off.

One evening, seeing my Uncle particularly cheerful because, he said, he had now brought his system to perfection, she told him she was going to a whist drive. "You'll have to make Pudden's tea. And see he doesn't drop any of his make-up on my clean dishes." My Uncle would not allow it. He was able to go out every day now himself.

A few evenings later my Uncle was still out when we heard Pudden's genteel knock. Softly we tiptoed out into the yard and stayed there till he



went away. When my Uncle returned I was out playing my first game with the other boys for months and I do not know what tale she told. He would have murdered us both if he had known. Unexpected flaws had appeared in the system and he had been very sharp over breakfast.

When Pudden came the next night my Uncle was just finishing his tea and fiddling with the cards and pieces of paper. I hoped Pudden would not be offended when he did not look up. But after the usual two cups he was into the back kitchen again. My Aunt had spread copies of the *Liverpool Courier* and *Topical Times* over the drying china. I was behind him as the door crashed back. My Aunt went on reading the *Echo*.

My Uncle had jumped to his feet, looking immense under the low ceiling.

"By the holy farmer!" he yelled. "What sort of a fellow are you? Have you nothing better to do than to be coming here night after night distracting us all with your Scrooging and your Devil May Take It until a man doesn't know if he's in his own home or the Hippodrome? What——?"

Under the make-up Pudden went white. He pulled himself upright and strode to the door into the lobby where he stood looking back for almost a second. Then for the last time he said Pudden and, still in his make-up, went out into the night, beneath the stars.

I still have the make-up box.

## Ballade for a Wedding

MOMENTS exist for you and me  
Of solitude that's not for those  
Within the fringe of monarchy:

They have the thorns and we the rose.  
We could abide perhaps the prose  
Of pressmen and the trumpets' blare,  
The flashlights and the public pose,  
But Father Tucker will be there.

Deep diving in the Middle Sea,  
Where friendly langoustes wave and  
doze  
And cuttle-fish suck tenderly  
Points of a prince's rubber toes,  
In that green world where no tide  
flows,  
Far from the *plein* and the *impaire*,  
Dreams he of love? for nothing shows  
That Father Tucker will be there.

Now at the Hôtel de Paris  
The open friends and secret foes,  
By that stone cavalier where we  
Used to discuss our winning throws,  
Gather for gossip: Hopper knows  
Why Garbo's missing and the fair  
Jane and Marlene, but all suppose  
That Father Tucker will be there.

### Envoi

Prince, you may draw your curtains  
close  
And set your sentries on the stair,  
Then lie down by the bride you chose,  
But Father Tucker will be there.

GRAHAM GREENE

# Tangled Abb

By PAUL DEHN

I HAVE been devoted to Norway ever since I first landed there on the cessation of hostilities in 1945 and heard a very small boy ask an abundantly-bemedalled American colonel: "Er du Kongen?" ("Are you the King?")

Before landing I had taken some pains to acquaint myself with the language, whose rudiments delighted me by turning out to be the most rudimentary rudiments discoverable in any language under the European sun. Imagine! An Englishman in Oslo,

diffidently murmuring "Er, er, er, er, er," will find that he has quite inadvertently conjugated the whole of the present tense of the Norwegian verb "to be." Should the joy of this discovery prompt him proudly to laugh "Har, har, har, har, har, har!", he will find that he has also conjugated (with distinction and accuracy) the whole of the present tense of the Norwegian verb "to have."

Small wonder that a month after my arrival I was grammatically at ease in Norwegian, though still somewhat

limited as to vocabulary. Now, after twelve years' absence, I want to go back there; and my vocabulary's extension has become a matter of urgency.

My plan is very simple and practical. I propose to memorize two pages daily from the English-Norwegian half of *Gyldendal's Dictionary*. According to my preliminary calculations this schedule should acquaint me with all the words in the Norwegian language at the end of a mere twenty-four weeks four days. But the first two pages have proved so unexpectedly assimilable that I may manage to complete the task even earlier. Thus:

**A, a**—A, a.

**A.A.**—American Academy, Automobile Association.

**Aalesund**—Aalesund.

**abacus**—abakus.

With so much from the very outset in common between our two tongues, it is not surprising that Anglo-Norwegian relations have always been uninterruptedly happy.

**abaft**—bak.

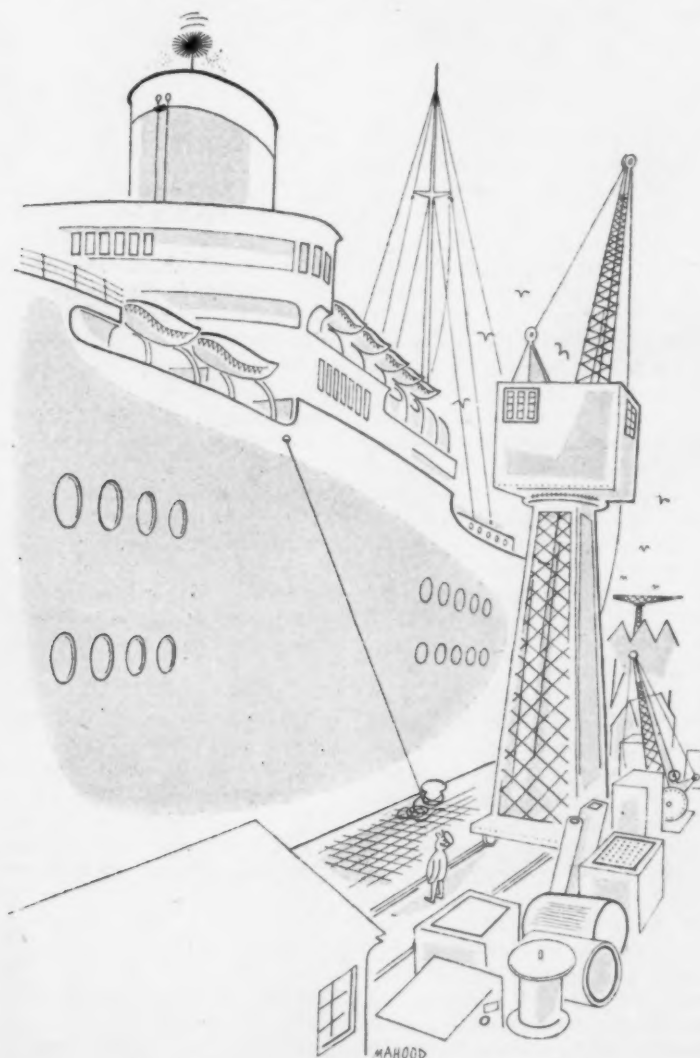
This would be less easy to memorize were it not for the sheer delight of learning, at long last, in which direction "abaft" really *is*. Our own marine vocabulary is so equivocal. (I once heard an English-speaking Norwegian pilot throw the crew of a British corvette into a state of considerable navigational confusion by shouting "STARPORT!" in a moment of emergency.) But "abaft" is "bak"; and "abeam," with which I have always muddled it, is the unequivocal "tverrskibs." Oh, the impression I could have made the morning I steered my requisitioned motor-boat within hailing distance of Hareidland had I known how to shout: "Bak! Bak! Aalesund tverrskibs!"

**abalienate**—avhende.

**abatis**—forhygning.

**abb**—renning.

A slight pause here before memorizing what the English words are in Norwegian, while I turn to another dictionary to find out what they mean in English. Initiative is rewarded. Abalienate means "to cause an aberration of mind in (1652)"; an abatis is "a defence formed by placing felled trees lengthwise one over the other



with their branches towards the enemy's line"; and abb is "the woof or weft in a web." Given the right contextual circumstances the words are obviously indispensable to all but the most intellectually constricted traveller. A pity that military operations had actually ceased by the time of my arrival! Ah,\* what a tangled, abalienatory abb I might have woven when first I practised making an abatis.

**ABC**—abc.

**A.B.C.**—Aerated Bread Company.

**abdomen**—buk.

The thing to remember here is not to shout "Buk! Buk!" in a motor-boat, when you mean "Bak! Bak!"—unless it is really very rough. ("Bok! Bok!" by the way, would mean that you urgently required a book; and "Bekk! Bekk!" that you were beside yourself with excitement at having observed a beck, of which there are a great many in Norway.)

**Aberdeen**—Aberdeen.

**abigail**—abigail.

**ablative**—ablativ.

**ablet**—loie.

My other dictionary's *pronunciamento* that an ablet is "a river-fish more commonly called a Bleak" sends me scurrying to the Natural History Museum, where I learn that:

The Bleak's greatest value lies in the minute iridescent particles which cover the scales. These, mixed with thin glue, form a substance used to paint the surface of artificial pearls. The process was discovered in 1680 by a French chaplet-and-rosary manufacturer of Passy, called Jacquin, who subsequently found out that unless some preservative were added to the substance it would putrefy. Two centuries passed before this obstacle was surmounted; but to-day the manufacture of the substance, which Jacquin called *essence d'Orient*, is an established industry in France where Bleak are reared just for their scales. The scales of 18,000 fishes are required to make one pound of the substance. The recipe for the preservative has been kept secret by the manufacturers.

There! Who would have thought that a modest desire to improve my Norwegian could have led me down such fascinating and informatory by-paths? Across the centuries the great court of Louis XIV glitters in a new, outlandish

\*Ah!, Ak!, Aha!



light. "Ah, Madame la Duchesse de Marbuzet, que vos perles sont exquises! Mais diable! Elles commencent à se PUTRÉFIER...!"

**abortion**—mis-foster.

Who was she, I wonder.

**about-sledge**—storslegge.

Not, it seems, a sledge for going about (or even abaft or abeam) in, but "the largest hammer used by blacksmiths." Shall I sell my car in Bergen and (show-off that I am) hire a horse?

**Abraham**—Abraham.

**abscess**—abscess.

**absinth**—absint.

**absquatulate**—stikke av.

This last, delectable addition to my English vocabulary means "decamp with (more rarely squat. A. BENNETT).

Cf. 'Absquotilate it in style, you old skunk.'—HALIBURTON."

And there we are, already at the bottom of Page 2—indefinitely better equipped than we were this morning to hold our own among the witty, sophisticated conversational circles of the *haut monde* on the Hardangervidde. It remains only for us to fix our new-found knowledge firmly in the memory with:

#### USEFUL CONVERSATIONAL SENTENCES

1. If I had not had an abscess on my abdomen I should have absquatulated with the absinth.

2. My abigail has set fire to the abatis in order that she may fry (*smaunger*) the ablet sent by the Aerated Bread Company of Aberdeen.

3. Let us abort Miss Foster (A.A.) with an about-sledge.

# America Day by Day

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

**D**OWN where I live, on the south shore of Long Island, things have been pretty quiet of late, and will continue so till this year's hurricanes come along and blow us cross-eyed, but elsewhere in America there has been quite a bit of stir and excitement. I am not thinking so much of the activities of H. B. Nielson, who—no doubt for the sake of the wife and kiddies—recently rolled a marble six miles in ninety minutes, though this has received wide publicity, as of the reopening of the Harrison, New Jersey, drawbridge over the Passaic river.

You know how these drawbridges work. A boat comes along and toots. You press a button, the bridge goes up, the boat goes through, you press another button and the bridge comes down again. And about as pleasant a way of passing the long summer days as one could imagine. But in 1946, having opened to allow a tanker to pass through, this Harrison bridge stayed open and remained that way for ten years. Then the Essex and Hudson Board of Freeholders, who never stand that sort of thing indefinitely, clubbed together and raised \$342,239 to have it put back into working order, and the big day for the reopening ceremony was fixed. The Mayor was there. There was a silver band. Speeches were made, the Star-spangled Banner sung, and school-children paraded in droves, many of them with clean faces. Somebody handed the Mayor the scissors to cut the ribbon, and at that moment, just as he was saying "I hereby declare that everything from now on is going to be just as mother made it," a tanker tooted. Up went the bridge, and stayed up. If they ever get it down again I'll let you know.

Turning to America's crime wave, it seems to be receding. In New York the Police Commissioner's report shows a reduction of 16.5 per cent in major crimes. Either murderers and burglars are loafing on their job, or the cops are coping with extra vigour. At any rate, it is at last possible to go for an evening stroll without having some teen-ager come along and hold you up and stick lighted matches between your toes, a practice which in the past has caused numerous complaints. But there is always something. *Surgit*, as the old

Roman said, *aliquid amari*. The criminal classes, though easing up a little in their operations, have become distressingly slipshod in their speech. The other day there were two hold-ups, one at the Pennsylvania station, the other in a bar. Both bandits said "This is a stick-up!" and then one of them went on "Everybody keep their seats." The other bandit said "Everybody put their hands up." Watch it, boys, watch it. Not "their." "Everybody keep *his* seat. Everybody put *his* hands up." If you have to rob people, well and good, no doubt you need the money. But do be grammatical about it. Get your *Fowler* and make of it a constant companion.

The criminals will argue, I suppose, that it is better, even if it strikes a jarring note on a sensitive ear, to make your meaning clear than just to take the English language and tie it into lover's knots as the Madison Avenue advertising men do. There is some justice in this. I append a letter from an employee in an advertising firm to the head of the organization. There appears to have been some hitch in the smooth running of the firm's business, and the letter runs as follows:

"Dear Boss,

Well, I bet you were about to give me the crossed wrists on this little sally, but the boys from Stratford had a rhubarb with the fact-finders and we all got hung up for awhile waiting for the matador to clear the field so the picadors could punch the clock. Even then, Chief, for my coin of the realm the whitewash cabinet was strictly Mother Hubbard, and as you can see from these warm-ups, the main event is longshot to get even a whisper from the ringsiders. From this end of the eyeglass, Top, that Michelangelo is not only O.T.L. but G.F.T.D., and I'm sure you'll want to give the whole thing the right lapel."

Hold-up men would never stoop to

that sort of thing. They have their pride.

Passing on to Sedalia, Missouri, where there is always something doing, we note that Station KDRO-TV, staging a money-raising drive for the polio fund, got from one viewer the firm offer that he would pay \$5 to see Patrolman Leroy Kidwell hit in the face with a custard pie. (The report does not say why, but, reading between the lines, one receives the impression that this man had got something against the zealous officer.)

With Police Chief Edgar Neighbors to think was to act. He routed Patrolman Kidwell out of bed and put it up to him.

"Not for \$5," said Mr. Kidwell firmly. "But I'll do it for \$50."

Scarcely had his words been relayed to the public when calls started pouring in, and when the pledges reached \$65, the patrolman expressed himself satisfied. He appeared on the screen, got the custard pie squarely between the eyes, wiped it off and went back to bed.

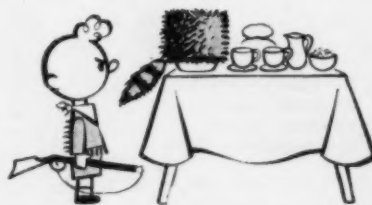
The only other incident that has stirred America lately occurred in a bar on Third Avenue (or Toid Avnoo, as it is more usually called). A man strode in and, announcing that this was his birthday, shouted "Drinks for everybody in the house—you, too, bartender," and it was only after the local stags at eve had drunk their fill that the bartender suggested diffidently that to keep his records straight he would be glad if the gentleman would pay the bill.

"Bill?" said the founder of the feast. "Pay the *bill*? Why?"—here he laughed a light laugh—"I haven't any money." Upon which, as the custom is on Toid Avnoo, the bartender took him by the scruff of the neck and the seat of the trousers and hove him into the gutter. A few moments later, having brushed himself off, the man returned, pounded the counter, repeated that it was his birthday and invited all those present to have a drink.

"Except you, bartender," he said with a rather nasty look.

"PAT KIRKWOOD  
TV SHOW OFF"  
Daily Telegraph

Why single *her* out?



ROY DAVIS





*"Bride or bridegroom?"*



### Engine Trouble

**D**URING the past few weeks the British motor car industry has been under heavy fire. The slump in exports (24,271 cars in February compared with 34,085 a year ago), B.M.C.'s round of price increases, short-time working by the Big Five, and a growing stockpile of new cars have given the industry unpleasant publicity and encouraged back-seat drivers to take its products metaphorically to pieces.

On television I hear that British cars are failing in Europe because they lack style and power, because manufacturers adhere to traditional take-it-or-leave-it marketing methods and refuse to strengthen their sales service. In the newspapers I read that British cars are losing ground in Australia, Canada, South Africa and America because their design is "old hat." They let in the dust of Australia, the heat of South Africa, the cold of Canada, and (according to one correspondent) are not equipped with long-play gramophones, "an amenity that many Americans are finding indispensable." One manufacturer has told the industry that its engines are at the wrong end of the chassis; another, that it should replace its carburettors with Diesel-type fuel pumps; another, that the gas turbine must replace the reciprocating engine.

It is an odd situation. If the critics are to be believed the British have led the world in car exports since the war with models that are deficient in every particular, and the industry has achieved stupendous expansion while marketing "heaps" lacking in comfort, safety, good looks and efficiency.

I think we can write off most of this criticism as the product of testiness induced by the credit squeeze and panic engendered by the rapid development of competition from European, Australian and American manufacturers. British cars are still selling reasonably well overseas, and in all-round merit still compare favourably with the products of Germany, France and Italy. But ten years of success and insatiable home demand have made the industry somewhat complacent. At the recent Geneva exhibition British cars cut a poor dash. There was nothing on view to whet the appetite of Swiss dealers, nothing to arouse as much interest as the new Renault "Dauphine," the Citroën DS-19 or the golden millionth Volkswagen. It may be that a temporary setback in demand and a break in production would prove a blessing in disguise by encouraging manufacturers to press ahead with their vast schemes of expansion and replanning. New models are already blueprinted: the

sooner they can be got under the presses the better. The danger is that the vital needs of the export trade will be sacrificed in attempts to secure larger shares of the protected home market. More than anything at the moment the industry requires a tough sense of discrimination in the home buyer, and it is Mr. Macmillan's job to see that the financial element in "consumer resistance" is made as harsh as possible.

Naturally enough, motor shares have suffered some depression since January, and the recent returns and announcements of the Big Five have done nothing to bolster the bulls. When Fords are feeling the pinch (profit per unit of output fell from £65 to £50 during 1955) there is every indication the industry as a whole is being squeezed. I suspect that motor shares will take further punishment before they resume their climb, but as long-term investments they are still in demand. At the moment the yields of Rootes, Standard, and B.M.C. are very attractive.

MAMMON



### Vineyards of England

**S**OME years ago I came across this interesting fact: that the Duke of Alba, when he was Governor of the Lowlands, always insisted on having his wine imported from England.

Of course the rolls of the English monasteries are full of references to vineyards, and the various Vine Streets and Vine Yards bear testimony to the fact that the grape once flourished here.

The last open-air vineyard of any size in England belonged to the Marquess of Bute, in Wales. It was planted out in 1870, and the quality of the wine can be gauged from the fact that it sold at 115/- a dozen at auction. Several people have started to

re-establish vineyards here. Canada, which has a lower temperature than ours, grows its own wine, as do Northern Germany and Denmark. The vineyards of Champagne are always covered with snow in the winter. It is simple to protect the vines by ploughing soil over the stock. I suppose the most reliable vine to plant here is the Brant, and for a white grape George Ordish recommends a Madeleine Royale. I myself have been planting out the Strawberry Vine, which is, I believe, the original English variety. It produces an extremely ragged bunch, and it was for that reason that it was thrown out of most gardens, for people wanted a regular shaped bunch for the table. But I find these grapes ripen easily out of doors without protection of any kind.

I gather that English vineyards used to produce an average of three hundred gallons, or two thousand bottles, per acre, but in a garden the yield would be much higher. Before planting out an acre, however, in order to make sure that a home-made wine is drinkable the prospective grower might try making a single bottle of wine with four pounds of grapes. The grapes should be crushed with a wooden spoon and the juice stood in a warm place. When the fermentation has died down the wine must be strained and a little sugar added. I am not pretending that this will produce a Château Rothschild or Magot, but a very drinkable *vin ordinaire*.

RONALD DUNCAN



## BOOKING OFFICE

### The Webbs

**Beatrice Webb's Diaries 1924-1932.**  
 Edited and with an Introduction by  
 Margaret Cole. Longmans, 25/-

ONE of the most arrogant, cruel, and, in her own odd way, fascinating, women I have ever known was Beatrice Webb. She lived with her consort, Sidney, a minute, bearded and altogether rather pitiable figure, in a considerably enlarged cottage near Liphook, waited upon by two excellent Scottish maids, and with, for companion, an odious dog called Sandy. At week-ends a great variety of visitors descended upon the house, and talk was incessant. Mrs. Webb took a leading part (she had a way of saying "lower classes" with a short "a" which suggested an attitude of mind pretty remote from the more revivalistic aspects of the Labour Movement), and Sidney would chip in as required. I never heard him disagree with her, but, with the best will in the world, he might make some observation not wholly to her taste. Then she would say "Don't be silly, Sidney," and that was the end of the matter. If (as Stalin did Khrushchev) she had asked him to dance the gopak he would certainly have done it, and for the same reasons that Khrushchev obliged. I rather wish she had asked him. It would have been worth seeing.

In the afternoons she went to lie down, but Sidney was instructed to take exercise, since this, like light breakfasts, was considered to be good for his health. He was no great walker, and what happened on the occasions when I accompanied him was that he found a convenient nearby hay-rick, lay down on it, spread a handkerchief over his face, and enjoyed a quiet nap. Then, on awakening, he would hurry back to the house, thereby getting into a sufficient sweat to suggest that he had covered the three miles or so which Mrs. Webb considered requisite. As far as I know this stratagem was never discovered.

It was always known that Mrs. Webb was keeping a diary. She quite often used to refer to it, and a few favoured visitors were shown bits. The diary, it

was understood, was frank and comprehensive, and would only be published after her death. A second volume of selections from this diary, edited by Mrs. Margaret Cole, has now been published. It covers the period 1924-32, thus including the first two Labour Governments, in the first of which Webb was President of the Board of Trade, and in the second (as Lord Passfield) Colonial Secretary.



For future political and social historians the diary will unquestionably be of inestimable value. Mrs. Webb knew a great deal of what was going on, and put it all down with great clarity and understanding. Also, her accounts of individuals like Keynes, MacDonald and the other leaders of the Labour Party are sharp and perceptive. Unfortunately, she had no sense of humour, so that there is a certain flatness about her narrative—a flatness which, in conversation, was relieved by the animation of her voice and personality. Though a woman of violent prejudices and likes and dislikes, she was capable from time to time of a pleasing objectivity—as when, for instance, she remarks: "How difficult it is for the well-to-do to lead the very poor towards the promised land!" Difficult indeed!

Far and away the most interesting person in the diary is, of course,

Mrs. Webb herself. How far does she emerge in her authentic lineaments? The qualities which made her such stimulating company—her malice, her insatiable curiosity about people's lives, her love of gossip and scandal, are only partly manifest. She gives frequent expression to an inherent melancholia, which can easily be made to appear "mystical" or "religious." ("It is my duty to be interested in the Labour Party and the Labour Government, and I honestly try to show the symptoms of being interested. But I am not really interested . . ." and again: "Certainly with me there is the strange consciousness of standing on a bare and bleak watershed of thought and feeling—in itself a place without thoughts or feelings, but with countless thoughts and feelings streaming out of the past and into the future in directions so various and manifold that I can no longer estimate their relative value. And the concrete questions which I have investigated—trade unionism, local government, co-operation, political organization, no longer interest me: I dislike reading about them, thinking about them, talking about or writing about them.")

Yet there was always in her more of Herbert Spencer than of St. Paul. In the end it was power she cared for, and only power. The last time I saw her, just when I was leaving, she asked me if I had seen her portrait of Lenin. I said I hadn't, and she took me upstairs to look at it. There it was, with lighting underneath, which she switched on, and proceeded to look with a kind of exaltation at that cruel Mongolian visage. The inevitability of gradualness had moved on to the gradualness of inevitability: Victorian enlightenment, confronted with its projection and its doom, bowed down in worship. I recalled this scene when the ashes of the two of them were deposited in the Abbey, and Earl (then Mr.) Attlee, as Prime Minister, in the course of an address, observed that the wonderful thing about the Webbs was that everything they had worked for had come to pass. At that moment, at the end of the most cruel and destructive war of history, a large part of the civilized



world was in ruins, among whose rubble "displaced persons" (a Webbian phrase) poked about for shelter. Earl Attlee, perhaps, spoke truer than he knew.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

**The Paper Chase.** Julian Symons. Collins, 10/6

In his latest thriller—a highly skilful and sophisticated entertainment, lighter-hearted and more laconic than usual in style and manner—Mr. Symons links the labyrinthine corridors of shady finance, recently explored in his biography of Horatio Bottomley, with the world of international intrigue: their point of contact being a co-educational school, run by a progressive couple of superlative eccentricity, and haunted by the violent associates of its former owner, the enigmatic Johnny Bogue. One new master is stabbed to death and the other investigates, among some ghoulishly described Kentish backgrounds, aided by the headmaster's amorous ex-delinquent niece. The well-assorted conspirators include an ageing night-club queen, a brutal gold-toothed one-time Fascist, a sinuous literary descendant of Uriah Heep and his razor-boy acolyte; while in the shadows lurk even more equivocal figures such as Shaslon, the wartime security agent, and a hidden supervillain whose identity is revealed long enough before the final blood-bath to display the author's gift for characterization at a deeper level.

J. M.-R.

**Heaven and Hell.** Aldous Huxley. Chatto and Windus, 7/6

*The Doors of Perception*, described Mr. Aldous Huxley's experiences after experimenting with the drug mescaline. This companion volume further examines the effects of that and other "unharmful" drugs on the human consciousness; and also such traditional methods of heightening certain powers—notably that of experiencing visions—such as fasting, mortification, and hypnosis. Obviously this opens up an immense field, and Mr. Huxley's suggestions are of great interest.

It is difficult to devise a language to convey these experiences or to map out

the New World he attempts to indicate. Fireworks, pageantry and stage-spectacles are dealt with as means of achieving visions, and certainly the fascination these things exert lends force to the theory that they owe their popularity to something more than their surface attractions. With the arts we seem to reach more debatable and yet more complicated ground. The artist, Vuillard, is singled out as a painter who is also a visionary. Certainly one can easily see that Vuillard is an excellent example of what Mr. Huxley means; but is Vuillard more of a "visionary" than any other painter of great achievement? Then there are Mr. Huxley's theories of "Heaven" and "Hell." A curious and enjoyable little book to discuss. A. P.

**Marjorie of Scotland.** Pamela Hill. Chatto and Windus, 13/6

This is a good, straightforward historical novel, a simple description of events with such reflections and remarks given to the characters as seem probable and appropriate. As she showed in *Flaming Janet*, Miss Hill can write narrative and she sensibly prefers doing this to illuminating historical trends through particular experiences. Other historical novelists write economics or art criticism or pornography. Miss Hill writes stories.

Her account of the sad career of Robert Bruce's daughter, the ancestress of the Stuart Kings, starts very slowly and the reader is not given enough help in sorting out the characters. Gradually it gains momentum and the plight of the neglected, father-adoring girl, with her tomboy love of horses and shame of clumsiness compared with the court ladies, becomes moving. There is no imaginative realization of early-fourteenth century Scotland; but at least in addition to arms and overlords there are domestic loyalties and diversities of character and mood. The hostile picture of Edward I counterbalances the adulation of the historians of law.

R. G. G. P.

**I Presume. Stanley's Triumph and Disaster.** Ian Anstruther. Bles, 18/-

In the spring of 1871, having reported on the Suez Canal, inspected excavations at Jerusalem and visited the Crimean battlefields, "a determined, ugly little man—with an American twang" set off from Bagamoyo on behalf of the *New York Herald* to discover Dr. Livingstone. He carried a bottle of Sillery champagne in case of triumph, and on the two hundred and thirty-sixth day, after marching nearly a thousand miles through Africa, he duly found an elderly gentleman wearing a red woollen cardigan, grey tweed trousers and patent leather shoes. The four words that followed became (in Stanley's opinion) a personal tragedy: they echoed not only in music-halls but even in the Sheldonian Theatre, and when he received an honorary degree



at Oxford, an undergraduate called out: "Dr. Stanley, I presume?"

The life of this pugnacious, unlikeable, humourless little man is recorded by Mr. Anstruther. His book peters out in the last few pages, but it is entertaining and diligently documented; and one may record with gratification that when Livingstone first put Stanley to bed in Ujiji, he made him comfortable with a palm-leaf mattress and "some old copies of *Punch*."

J. R.

**The Protagonists.** James Barlow. Cassell, 15/-

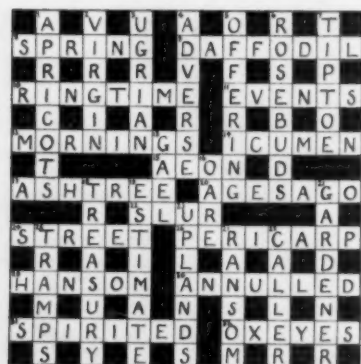
This is an attempt to place the story of a crime in a moral instead of a melodramatic context; but the dogma is sincere rather than forcible and sinful humanity seems more vivid than eternal truth. However, Milton had the same trouble.

Mr. Barlow's Welsh girl is one of the few successful pictures of innocence I have met. (Perhaps George Brush in Thornton Wilder's *Heaven's My Destination* is another.) Two unhappy experiences of affection leave her strong in every direction except the one from which her seducer and murderer attacks. Moving deeper and deeper into day-dreams, she becomes silly and pitiful without losing all her dignity. Victim and murderer leave partial accounts of the events that lead to the final catastrophe; the variations between these are subtly done and to the end some parts of the girl's experience remain ambiguous. The last third of the book is a good straightforward account of the police investigations, in which ordinariness becomes a virtue and not, as it has been for a generation, a vice.

R. G. G. P.

**A Contest of Ladies.** William Sansom. Hogarth, 13/6

Like many short-story writers, Mr. Sansom tends to find the novel-length too exhausting a test: the nervous



Solution to last week's crossword



concentration of talent is dissipated by the strain, the sharp angled vision becomes unfocused and blurred, as a sprinter's might towards the end of a marathon race.

His many admirers will be relieved to find him returning to the form most suited to his considerable gifts: the present collection displays his narrative ability at its best, in a variety of settings selected to set off—as usual—the peculiar blend of descriptive writing and psychological analysis which is unmistakably his own: the emotional predicaments of his protagonists are not only illustrated but illuminated and clarified by the surroundings in which the characters find themselves—an ageing musical-comedy lead encompassed by a bevy of international beauty queens in his private house designed like an hotel; a bogus gentleman-farmer from the city fleeing from a screeching piglet “like a heavy pink obus” on a country road; a conceited English amorist outmanœuvred, on a Spanish summer holiday, by a girl with the face “of a small sweet monkey”: while “Pas de Deux,” an exercise in the manner of Edgar Allan Poe, is recommended to connoisseurs of the macabre, for whom Mr. Sansom's most characteristic work must have a special appeal.

J. M.-R.

#### The Story of the R.A.S.C., 1939-45. Bell, 45/-

The history of the R.A.S.C. in the war is virtually a history of the war itself, for in some manifestation, as clerks, drivers or storemen, the Corps was always on hand. In one volume, even a fat and lavishly-illustrated volume like this, there is little chance of describing much of their work in detail, but the broad outlines of the S. and T. contribution to the war are admirably charted.

One seldom heard the more glamorous soldiers in the “teeth arms” offering spontaneous praise to the R.A.S.C.; perhaps the most understanding tribute is the remark of Sir Alan Cunningham at the end of the East African campaign. “You boast you are a service,” said General Cunningham, “and by God you are one.” No one who cherishes his association with that service should be without this excellent record of its achievements.

B. A. Y.

### AT THE PLAY



*The Power and the Glory*  
(PHOENIX)

*Troilus and Cressida* (OLD VIC)

*The Mulberry Bush* (ROYAL COURT)

*The Good Sailor*

(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)

**T**HE *Power and the Glory* is GRAHAM GREENE's novel about a hunted and haunted priest, adapted by DENIS CANNAN and PIERRE BOST. This priest is the last left (about 1930) in a State of Mexico which is enforcing a double

prohibition against God and alcohol. He is old and worn and very tired; he is a drunkard and, without shame, the father of a bastard; but all the same he is a kind of saint. Having weakly sold a chalice to pay for his escape to Europe, he cannot resist a call to a sick-bed, and then, his chance missed, is back again grimly on the run, with a price on his head, saying an occasional secret mass for a few trembling peasants.

If Mr. GREENE had written this play himself, from zero, it would probably have built up tension and tragedy. All the ingredients are there; but in their anxiety to be faithful the adaptors have split up his story into a series of episodes, almost complete in themselves, so that each time the screw has to be turned afresh. The graph of intensity goes mildly up and down, up and down, never travelling far and never rising in a decisive curve to join one episode with another. Added to this, some of the scenes end implausibly, so much incident having been packed in that not enough time is left in which to convince us. Twice, for instance, the priest owes his freedom to a sudden softening in the ruthlessness of a police lieutenant; these actions apparently out of character are insufficiently supported.

But though we remain detached, we are never less than interested. The play is written uncommonly well, and PETER BROOK's production, at fault only in a certain slowness, is often fascinating. He is a past master of the prison nightmare; in other scenes as different as the illegal village mass under the shadow of the police and the shabby quayside dentistry where the action begins and ends, a special atmosphere is brilliantly caught. Like the best French directors, Mr. BROOK sees to it that all the time everyone on the stage is at work on the



total effect. And each of the five sets by GEORGES WAKHEVITCH is remarkable, adding to the play and yet in itself a piece of art.

With the exception of the ladies of the town, who seem to have come recently from one of our stricter public schools, the minor parts are taken ably. But PAUL SCOFIELD dominates everything as the priest. By so comparatively young an actor it is an extraordinary performance; the face and voice carry the scars of a battle infinitely long. The priest's faith, torn but shining, comes through triumphantly. Whether writers or producer are to blame, it is a pity that at the end, when he should really move us, he should seem a shade too pleased with himself, too little penitent.

Perhaps one comes to TYRONE GUTHRIE's Edwardian *Troilus and Cressida* less sympathetically after seeing the five-star production by the Marlowe at Cambridge only a few weeks ago. But if one asks what he has gained by putting Pandarus into a morning coat, and Nestor on a shooting-stick, and by making the whole thing a running satire on a Novelloish Ruritania, the answer is, for Shakespeare, nothing—if we except the curious fact that any freak performance has the result of forcing us to think freshly about a play. Much of the verse goes out of the window, sacrificed for laughs, and so does most of the feeling, for the same reason. JOHN NEVILLE, potentially a stirring Troilus, has nothing to help him, beyond a blessed licence to speak the verse properly. The parting of the lovers may not be one of Shakespeare's greatest scenes, but it can provoke a modest lump; here it raises only a gale of merriment, since Troilus is helping Cressida to struggle into one of those

preposterous dresses which in themselves may have been a contributory cause of the First World War.

In respect of entertainment, however, the answer is different. Mr. GUTHRIE's determination to be funny wears very thin before the end, but on the way there are high moments: PAUL ROGERS' Pandarus, race-glasses levelled, describing in the voice of a glossy magazine the return of the Trojan heroes; WENDY HILLER's Helen, in a pink confection off a chocolate box, and RONALD ALLEN's Paris, in a yellow mess-jacket, surprised in a conservatory love-nest with a white grand piano and a lot of champagne. The frolic contains, to be honest, a great deal of ingenuity. It is splendidly mounted by FREDERICK CROOKE, and on Shakespeare's side, with Mr. NEVILLE and ROSEMARY HARRIS, who does much for Cressida in the circumstances, are RICHARD WORDSWORTH, CHARLES GRAY and LAURENCE HARDY, to mention the most staunch.

ANGUS WILSON has largely re-written *The Mulberry Bush* since Bristol. By those who saw it there it is said to be much improved. I had only read the play, in its original form, and having been impressed by its wit and its power to discuss our social ferment intelligently, was disappointed to find that in the theatre these proved less sure. It is clear that Mr. WILSON should one day give us a good play, but equally clear that he has not yet got the hang of

dramatic economy. At present literary embroidery, acceptable in the study, blurs his focus when it comes to the stage.

The central theme, of too many, is the harm done by crusading busybodies who view humanity through statistics. In a brief twenty-four hours a smugly distinguished family is jerked into admitting its own failure and unhappiness. Parts of this discovery are cleverly managed, parts creak. Two obvious weaknesses are that the family's figure-head, a famous scholar, turns out a mere shell on the stage, and that one of the author's neurotic specimens, a drunken but successful barrister, is crushed beyond all reason by an unexplained sense of guilt. Even so, this initial venture by the English Stage Company (which aims to establish a repertory of new work) is a first play of considerable quality. In GEORGE DEVINE and MOTLEY it has understanding in both production and decoration, and, although neither acting nor speech are all they might be, a team led resolutely by GWEN FRANGCON-DAVIES gives the piece a reasonable performance.

*The Good Sailor*, dramatized by LOUIS O. COXE and ROBERT CHAPMAN from HERMAN MELVILLE's novel, *Billy Budd*, comes off better than Orson Welles' attempt at *Moby Dick*, but the same disabilities remain—chiefly MELVILLE's flowery language, his uncertain symbolism and his fondness for putting

metaphysics into the mouths of ham-handed mariners. This terribly solemn story of an unnaturally blameless recruit to Nelson's Navy hung by an unwilling court-martial makes a patchy play, though rising occasionally to genuine drama. Produced with imagination by FRITH BANBURY, and staged with powerful simplicity by REECE PEMBERTON, it has a large all-male cast in which ANDRÉ MORELL, the ship's captain, rings the truest.

ERIC KEOWN



## AT THE BALLET

*Les Ballets Africains de Keita Fodéba* (PALACE)  
*Noctambules* (COVENT GARDEN)

BALLET is a misnomer for the spectacle provided at the Palace Theatre by a troupe of African dancers, drummers and singers which a commendably bold impresario, presumably Mr. Fodéba, has brought from their native clearings to the European stage. Under the aegis of PETER DAUBENY they have arrived in London by way of Paris where, I suspect, they acquired the delightful touch of sophistication which distinguishes their stage setting by an unnamed but most accomplished and witty artist.

Nothing so frankly uninhibited as these African dances has been seen before in London. There is about them no hint of conscious virtuosity of the sort which lent piquancy to Miss Katherine Dunham's productions, and no suggestion of her educative purpose. The Africans dance in Africa to please themselves. If in London they please us also, that is by way of being accidental. They are of slighter build than might have been expected, but their vigour and athletic prowess, their muscular control and tireless animation and speed, to say nothing of their sparkling high spirits, are entralling.

High-powered pulsation dominates every moment of the two-hour programme. Beaten out primarily on drums of various shapes and sizes, the rhythm quivers and throbs, vibrates and thrills in arms and legs and in hands and torsos.

Though the dances are in the main indigenous to French West Africa they include others assimilated from farther afield. Among them are the expected folk themes related to fertility rites and ceremonies of initiation as well as joyful occasions of courtship and marriage. All is convincingly spontaneous and stamped (literally and metaphorically) with intense vitality.

The first part of the programme ends with a ritual Fire Dance for the repose of the soul of a great warrior. It rises to a frenzy culminating in dancers plunging flaming torches into their mouths and applying them to the soles of their bare feet. To have controlled the exuberance of such a dance and to have drilled the Africans in their twenty-seven items so



(*The Power and the Glory*)

A Priest—PAUL SCOFIELD

that they run to an exact time-schedule and are performed with seeming abandon within the confines and conventions of the European theatre-stage is a remarkable achievement.

Dancing is not all. There is some excellent singing in the course of which a soloist, Kandia, makes a hit by his powerful voice and his easy and commanding stage presence.

KENNETH MACMILLAN's new ballet *Noctambules*, to music by HUMPHREY SEARLE which lends itself effectively though unobtrusively to the choreographer's needs, is an ambitious work carried to success by a large cast. It is a fantastic affair of a stage hypnotist who, to redress the effect of a mishap in his performance, mesmerizes his entire audience. The possibilities are rich and Mr. MACMILLAN enlivens them with much fresh invention. LESLIE EDWARDS is a striking figure as the hypnotist and MARYON LANE makes a captivating success as his assistant. Other parts allow NADIA NERINA, ANYA LINDEN, DESMOND DOYLE and BRIAN SHAW to be seen to great advantage.

The immediate future of NINETTE DE VALOIS's fine work *Job*, to music by VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, is assured by the accession of ALEXANDER GRANT to the rôle of Satan. He is as fully equal to its demands as any of his predecessors in the part.

C. B. MORTLOCK



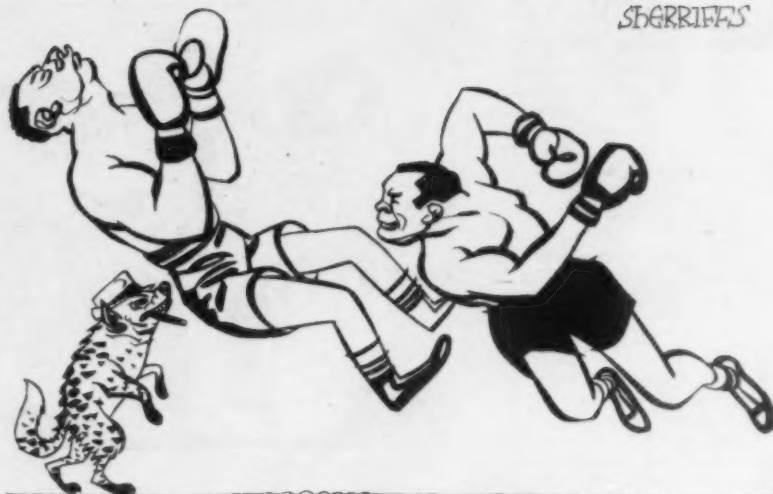
## AT THE PICTURES

*The Harder They Fall*  
*Charley Moon*

WITH the first shots of *The Harder They Fall* (Director: MARK ROBSON) one can feel the atmosphere, the kind of harsh, gripping strength that was in some of the best "tough" films of the late nineteen-thirties. This is a straightforward adaptation of BUDD SCHULBERG's novel about "the fight racket," done in black-and-white and without any of the other devices by which they have in the last few years been trying to attract people away from their TV screens; it succeeds, and it powerfully holds one's attention, simply because it is a very well-made and entertaining piece in itself.

Here we have HUMPHREY BOGART as an "unemployed sports writer" named Eddie Willis—and I can't resist making the irrelevant observation that, like nearly all "Eddies" in films, he wears a bow tie—tempted by "two-fifty a week and an open-end expense account" to work for a racketeer (ROD STEIGER) whose idea is to use him in helping to build up a dim-witted South American giant into a contender for the heavyweight championship of the world.

We are on the inside of the swindle throughout: fights are "fixed," opponent after opponent is induced to "take a dive," until at last the incompetent



Toro Moreno—MIKE LANE

[The Harder They Fall]  
Buddy Braun—MAX BAER

seven-footer is in the ring with the heavyweight champion—and backed, of course, to lose, this being the occasion when the racketeer proposes to make the final big profit on his investment.

There is the outline of the not exactly edifying story. What makes it so absorbing is the skill and above all the speed of its presentation. For an action picture, this has a very high proportion of dialogue; but it is crisp and entertaining and the speed of it makes it still more so, and the odd and often dubious characters are admirably played and directed. Brilliance of direction is also noticeable in the handling of groups of people: from the growth of impatience in a stadium crowd to the spread of uneasiness and doubt in a room-full of crooks, the atmospheric effects are first-rate. Mr. BOGART very well conveys the self-disgust of a conscience-haunted columnist, Mr. STEIGER gives still another impressively nasty portrait of a smooth villain, and oddities of detail of the underworld of boxing keep interest and amusement alive in every scene. There isn't a great deal of visible violence: the "toughness" is in the unsentimental narrative style.

I didn't read REGINALD ARKELL's novel on which *Charley Moon* (Director: GUY HAMILTON) is based; I'm told the film doesn't do it justice. All the same this turns out to be more than a mere "vehicle" for MAX BYGRAVES, although every opportunity is taken to present him in what amounts to a stage turn.

The story is of a country boy who proceeds from performing at Army concerts to a successful stage career; and undoubtedly some of the turns we see him doing, notably one with a goose

(inside which is hidden DENNIS PRICE, of all people) in a "Mother Goose" pantomime, are very pleasing. But the point of the piece is his own character, and Mr. BYGRAVES, who plainly has the makings of a real actor, is not given a proper chance to develop it. The film is diffuse and bitty in the familiar British way: a particular episode is trusted to make its momentary effect with little reference to the feeling of the thing as a whole.

Nevertheless there is much to enjoy, even for the comparative minority who prefer a coherent story to a string of entertaining items. Besides Mr. BYGRAVES himself (and Mr. PRICE, who has a whale of a time burlesquing a conceited actor) there are a number of excellent people in small parts, including MICHAEL MEDWIN as an Army corporal—one of those never-off-duty comedians—and FLORENCE DESMOND as a leading lady who lives at the top of her voice. Here, too, there are spots of admirable crowd-direction: observe the audience at the "local talent" night.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London, what I most recommend is the *French Race for Life* (11/4/56). There are also DISNEY's *The African Lion* (11/4/56) and the enjoyable Curzon programme, which has both the bright revue *New Faces* and another, lighter French one, *Papa, Mama, the Maid and I* (see "Survey," 11/4/56).

Most important of the releases is *Richard III* (28/12/55); *verb. sap.* The only other one reviewed here is *Jubal* (4/4/56), quite a good Western.

RICHARD MALLETT





## ON THE AIR

## Actuality Problems

IT has been obvious for some years that television is at its best when it snoops, when it puts its eye to the key-hole and allows us to look in on happenings from which we are normally excluded by physical barriers or social convention. The difficulty has been to decide which happenings are worth gate-crashing, whether to restrict actuality telecasts to events of some news value (a marbles championship, a civil defence exercise, the draw for the Cup) or to allow the cameras to make their own headlines by spotlighting the interest and excitement of very ordinary everyday affairs.

The programme contractors of the I.T.A. explain their short ration of actuality items by pointing out that their mobile equipment is at present inadequate and that they have no Eurovision link with the Continent, yet they seem to have cameras galore for visits to music-halls and London night-clubs. The B.B.C., too, is slow to appreciate the value of unspectacular actuality programmes. When its cameras roam it is usually to poke their lenses into circuses, the homes of celebrities or the jobs of people who live dangerously. Producers still believe apparently that to be acceptable an outside broadcast must be full of movement, pageantry and an advertised sense of occasion.

I am convinced that television is most valuable when it avoids showmanship and merely takes us behind the scenes. Unfortunately we are still unable to see Parliament and the law at work, but opportunities for successful TV abound in industry, commerce, the arts and education. I should like to have a peep-



SIR EDMUND HILLARY

[Trans-Antarctic Expedition]  
DR. VIVIAN FUCHS

hole into classrooms, lecture theatres, boardrooms, artrooms, committee rooms and locker-rooms. I should like to sit and stare from eyes on elongated stalks.

Sound radio gave us a sparkling actuality programme the other day with recordings (nearly two hours of them) of Bruno Walter rehearsing the Columbia Symphony Orchestra in Mozart's Symphony No. 36. This was wonderful entertainment, music with the lid off.

Another outstanding success was the TV production of the final round of the *News Chronicle's* "Be Your Own Boss" competition. This was nearly, but not quite, an actuality programme, for the competitors and the panel of examiners

knew that they were being televised and to some extent their performances were directed at the unseen millions. From first to last the proceedings were immensely interesting—four men in competition, trying to win the approval of the panel, and doing so not with evasive yes and no answers and sleight-of-hand proficiency but by reasoned statements of aims and opinions and projection of personality. Every day hundreds of people are interviewed for jobs, and every day the examination of short-lists of candidates produces the same high drama and excitement. Every day, in industry, commerce and the arts, there are competitions that make "What's My Line?" and the give-away programmes of the I.T.A. seem meaningless

and dull. If the cameras could get to the scene of operations they would always have splendid human interest stories to unfold.

The programme "Trans-Antarctic Expedition," marking the return of the reconnaissance party, mixed first-rate film of the *Theron's* adventures with rather muscle-bound studio talk from Dr. Fuchs, Sir Edmund Hillary and David Attenborough. The explorers seemed too anxious to belittle their achievements, and their commentary, which should have been factual and precise, was awkwardly reticent and casual. All the same the programme made fine viewing until its last thirty seconds when the various speakers were seen hurrying to take up position for a fade-out. The B.B.C. loves these ridiculous tableaux, and strains wind, limb and credulity to achieve them. It is neither edifying nor dignified to see important visitors having to toe the chalk-line in an artificial tail-piece. BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

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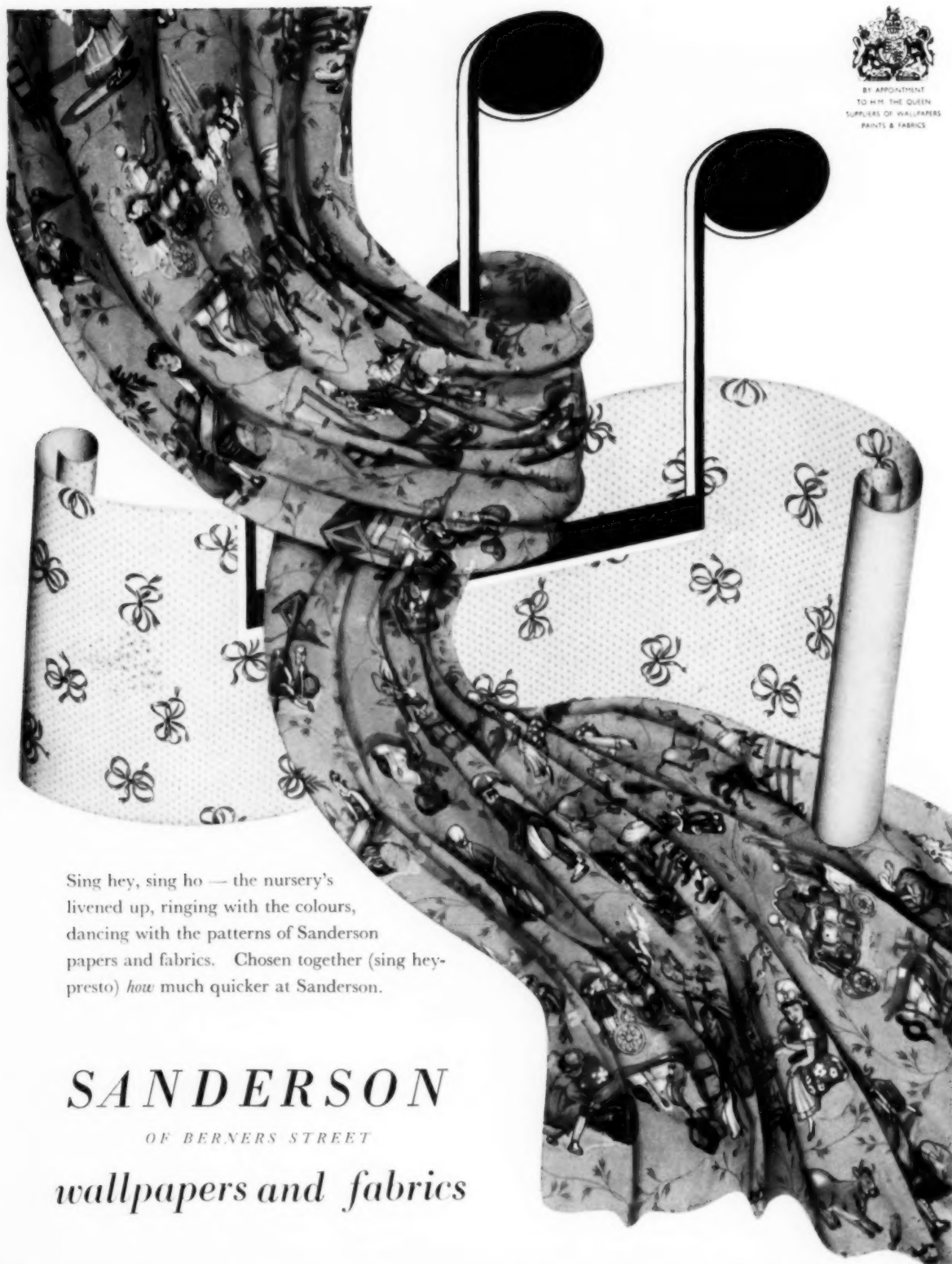
The Royal Navy is perhaps the leading exponent of this type of rescue, and it was a Naval Officer who thought out the scoop net, with which a casualty can be 'fished' out of the water in a matter of minutes.

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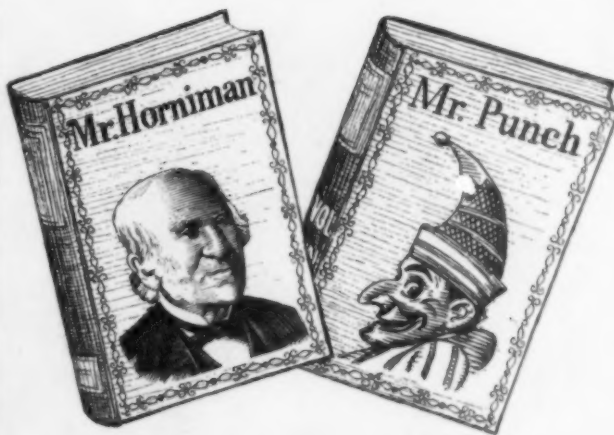


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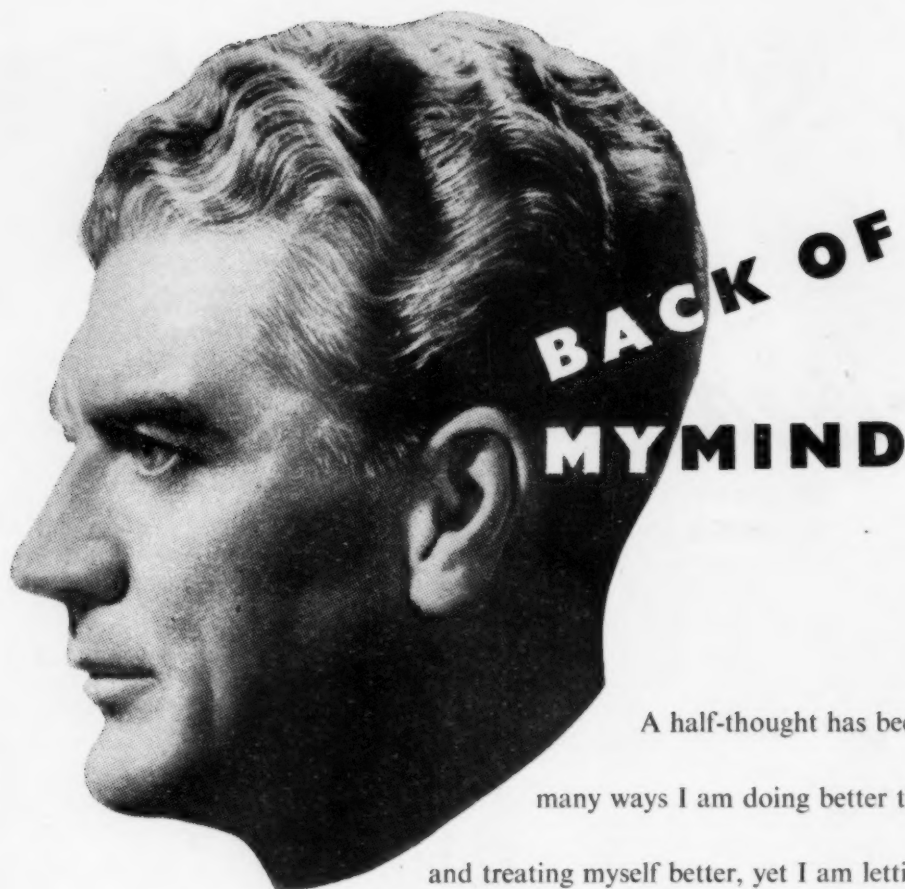


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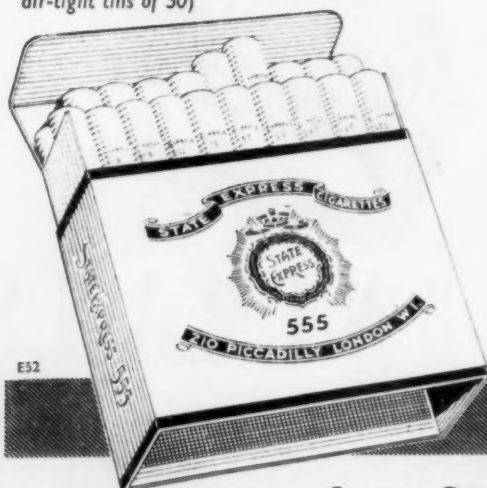
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HE THINKS



SHE THINKS



WE THINK



YOU THINK



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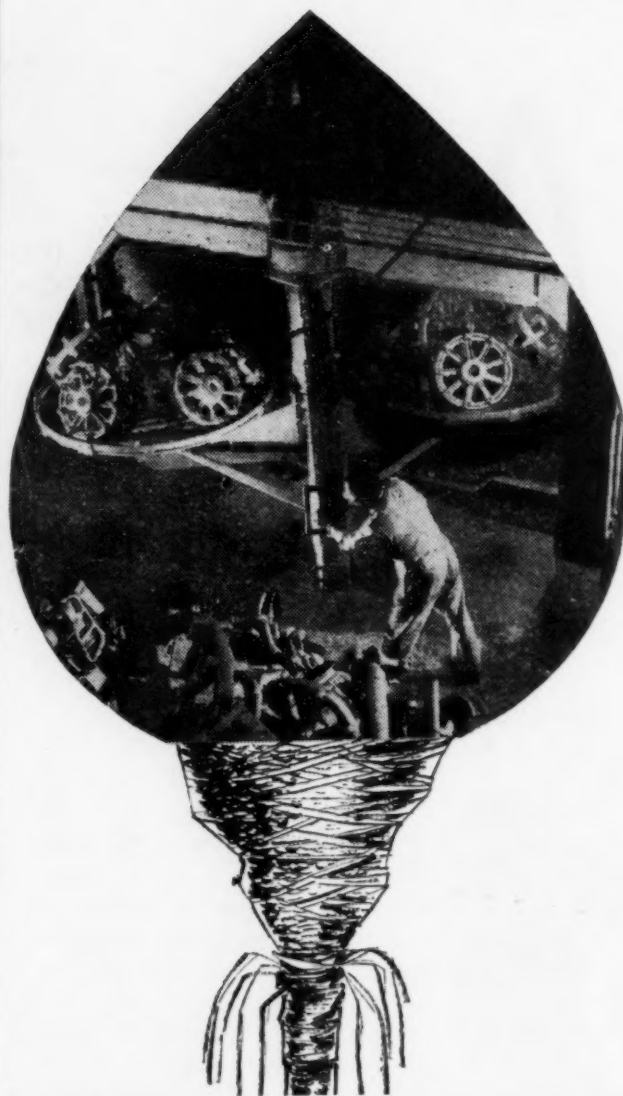
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The last lap—then  
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Dry Scalp leads to loose  
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Check it quickly and  
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Tonic, massaged gently into  
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'Vaseline' Hair Tonic,  
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There's an easy way to  
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20-second morning mas-  
sage with a few drops of  
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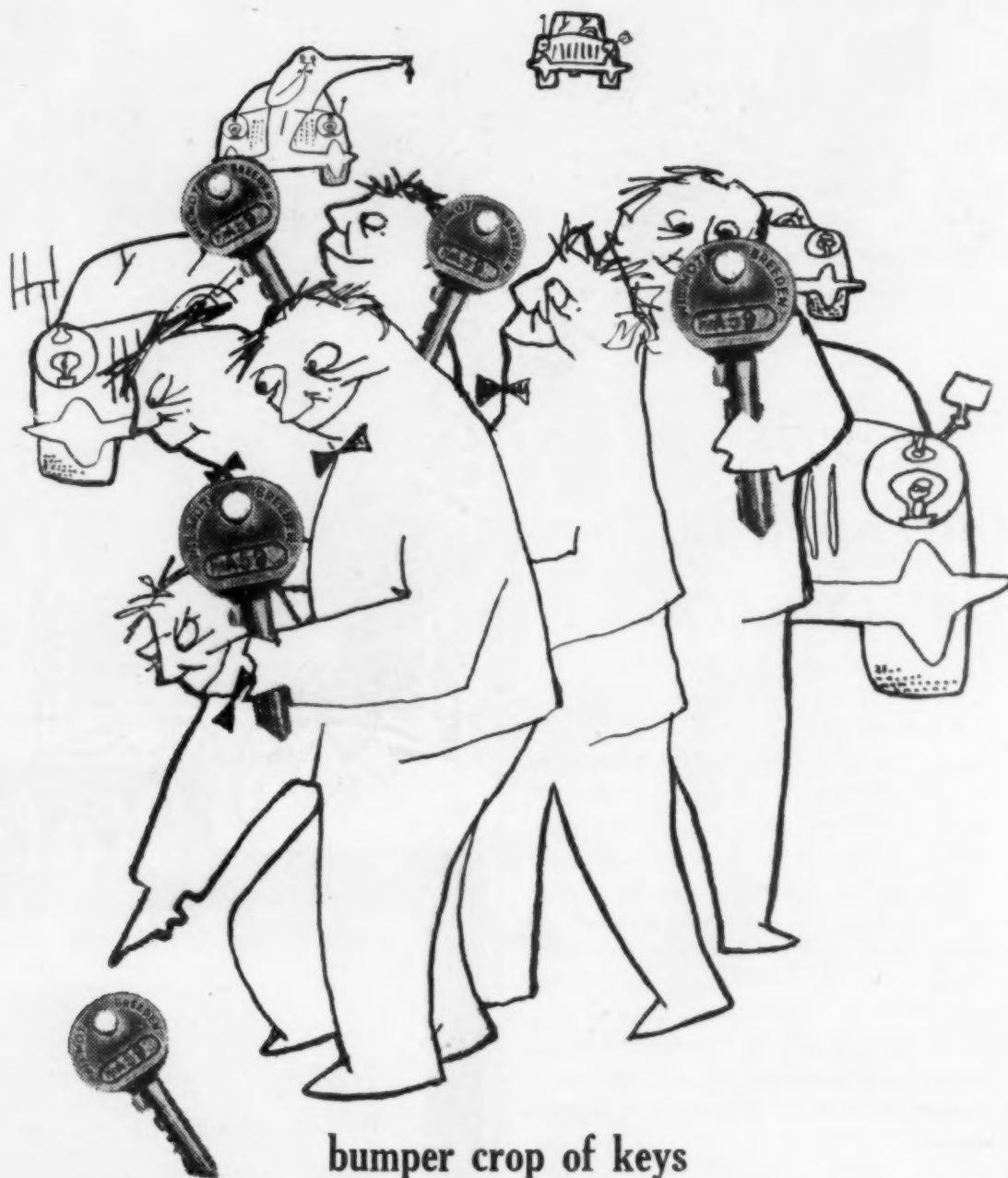
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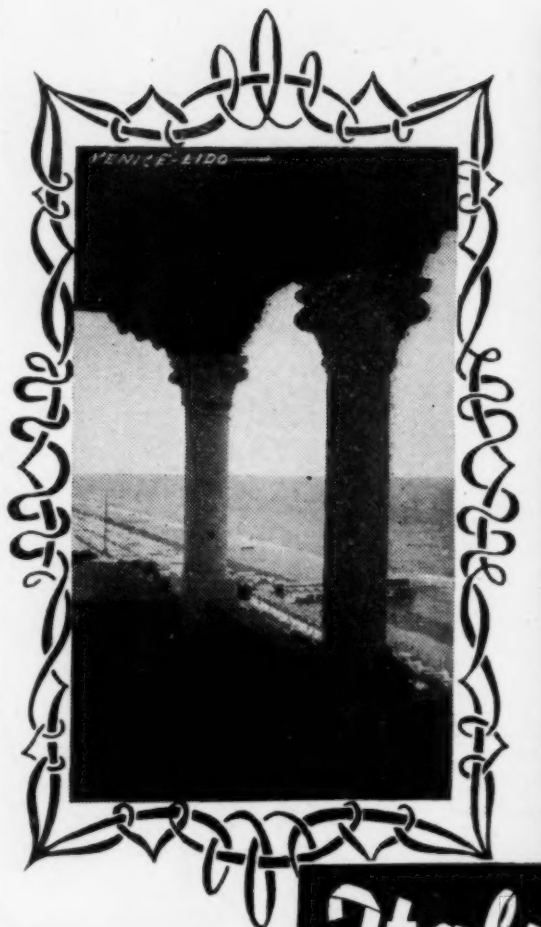
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**Harris THE PAINT BRUSH WITH A NAME TO ITS HANDLE**

CRC 281

## APRIL

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Thousands upon thousands of 'ordinary men'—and women—bank with the Midland Bank, and for those who don't there is a helpful booklet, 'Midland Bank Services for You', which they can obtain free from any branch.

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FRIEND



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and **Torbet**  
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The exhilarating vigour that makes you feel always at your best can be a permanent benefit — if you follow the Torbet System.

Taken in addition to your normal diet this simple, agreeable system eliminates all the disorders allied to constipation by facilitating the natural functioning of the organs vital to 'regular health.'

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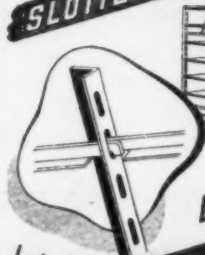
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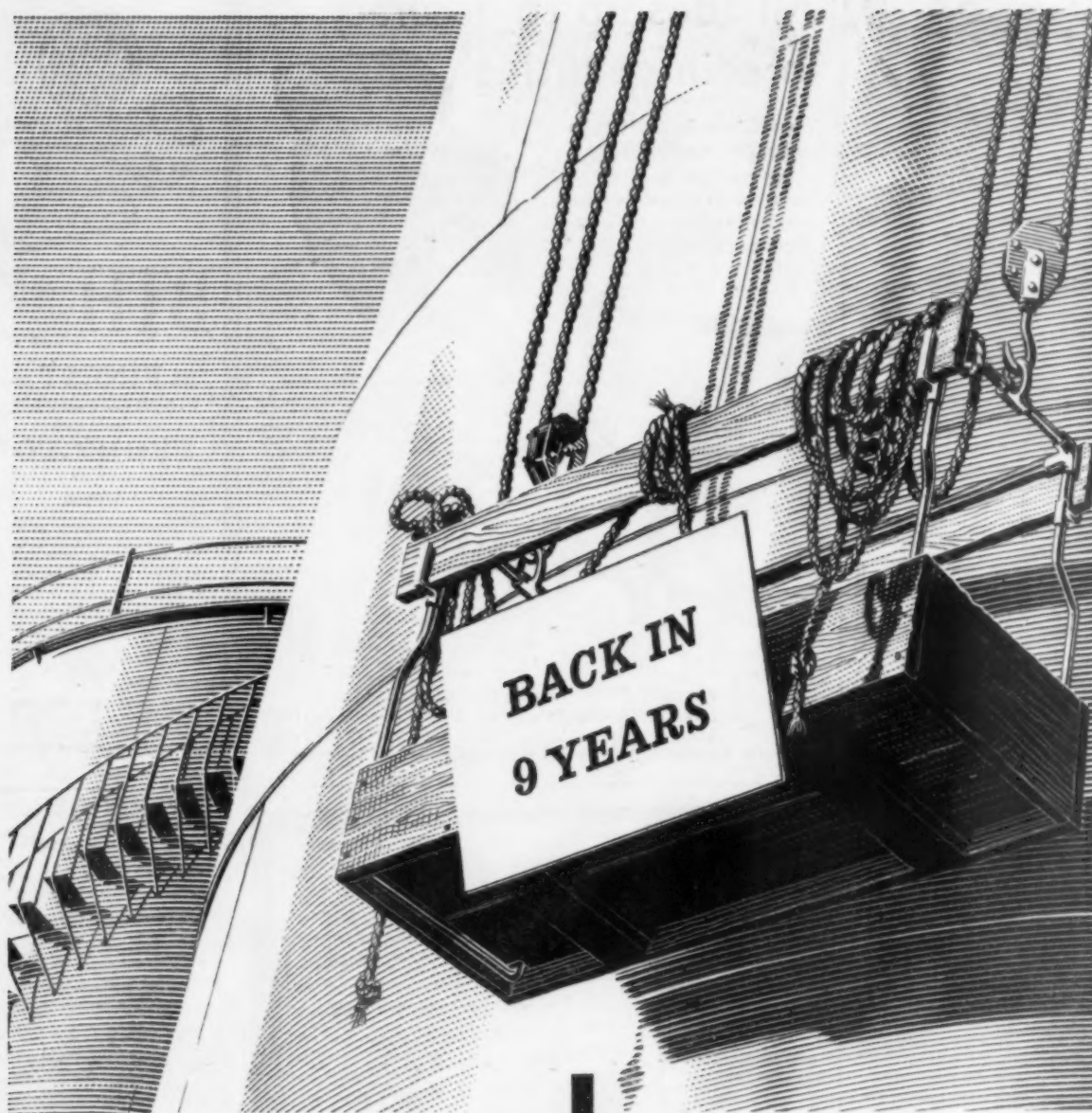
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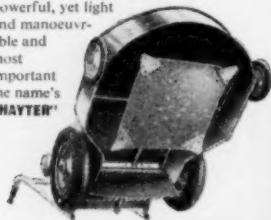
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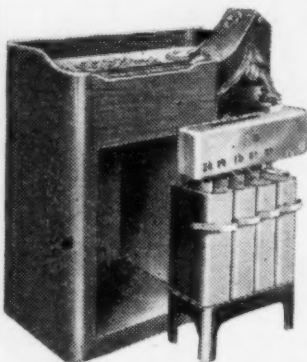
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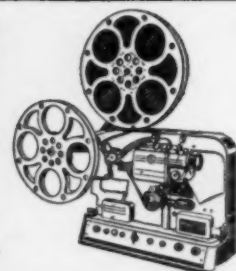
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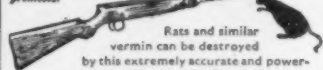
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Love to Mother,  
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*Why should he stop for you?*

*Well, I took the plunge some time ago, and bought some I.C.I. stock.*

*I.C.I.? Rubbing shoulders with the big brass, aren't you?*

*Not a bit of it. Most of the stockholders in I.C.I. are small investors like me.*

*That's hard to believe.*

*I used to think the same — until I checked the facts. The truth is, 85% of the stockholders hold, on the average, less than four hundred £1 units of stock each.*

*But the rest hold a nice little packet, I'll bet!*

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*Yes, but somebody must hold a controlling interest.*

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"WHAT'S stopping you now?" I asked Tom. "I thought it was a lift you were giving me, not a slow crawl."

"One traffic block after another," he hooted. "How can I get through quickly, the way I feel inside?"

"It's your feed-pipes," I said.

"Check your pressure," he snarled. "There's nothing gummed-up on this 'bus."

"It's your fuel system I'm talking about, not hers. All the 30 feet of your internal piping. Your bowel muscles have to pump everything through it, every day, to keep you revving. Otherwise you get coked up. You need bulk, to stop you getting baulked."

"What pump do I tank-up on this from?" sparked Tom.

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"I'll take a trial run," said Tom. Next time I saw him was after he'd won the Regularity Trials. He was tooting with joy and health.

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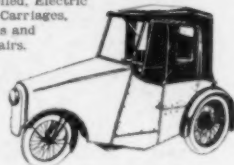
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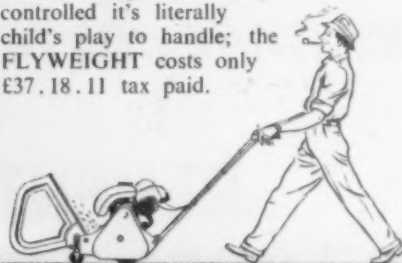






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